

THE AMERICAN

Legion

AUGUST, 1946

MAGAZINE

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



TARGET SAN FRANCISCO

BY HERBERT CAEN

FRINGE OF THE IRON CURTAIN

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

HOGAN RECONVERTS

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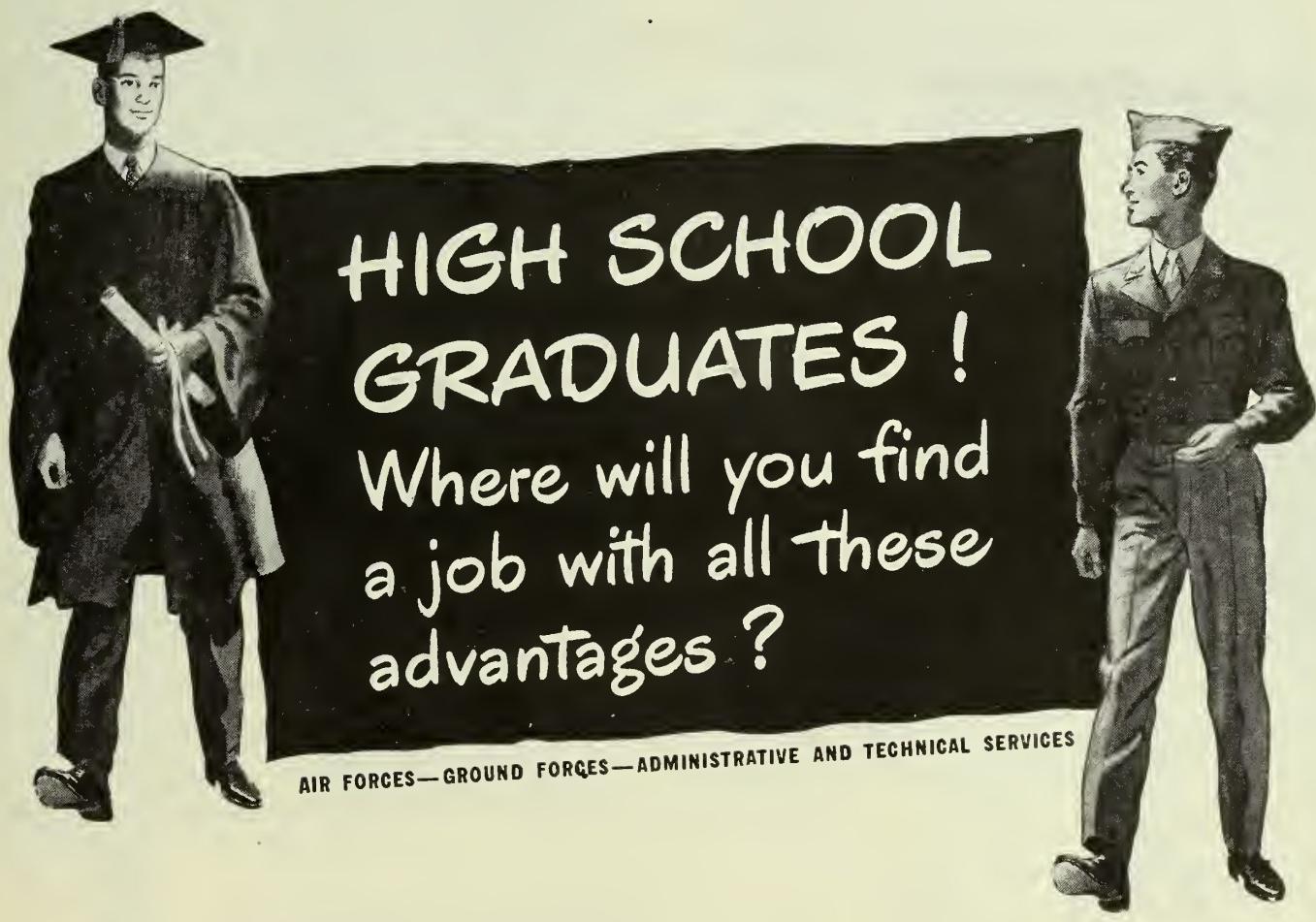
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THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1946
VOL. 40 • NO. 8

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C O N T E N T S

Cover Design	Drawing by Joseph Stefanelli
Sound Off!	6
Target San Francisco	By Herb Caen
	Things to see and do while attending the National Convention
Take Two and Hit to Right	By Duane Decker
	Danny suffered from baseball's occupational disease, swollen head
Fringe of the Iron Curtain	By Wm. Henry Chamberlain
	What is happening from the Baltic to the Black Sea
Skeet Is Back in Civvies	By Bob Nichols
	Thousands of shootin' eyes were trained by banging at clay birds
Hash and Salad Forever	By Jack Cluett
	What might happen if decorations and hash-marks went civilian
No Love Allowed	By Eddie Forester
	It took a war to make a pin-up girl out of a business partner
Hogan Reconverts	By Grantland Rice
	Out of the AAF, Ben Hogan is moving fast over the comeback trail
Police Jobs for Veterans	By William F. McDermott
	You can keep fighting for law and order, at home
But We Expected You at Dakar	By Frederic Sonder, Jr., and Donald Q. Coster
	How a rookie American agent rat-trapped the Nazis
Still Our No. 1 Job	By John Stelle
20	
22	
24	
26	
28	

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THE EDITORS' CORNER



Don't Call It "Frisco"

When Herb Caen, columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, prepared our advance intelligence on San Francisco to ready Legionnaires for the forthcoming convention (see *Target, San Francisco*, page 9) we noticed that he omitted two important bits of data on the Golden Gate City, probably fearing bodily harm. From the safety of our New York office, however, we herewith pass on the two most certain ways to get a punch in the nose when in San Francisco.

First, you may refer to the disaster which wrecked that city in 1906 as "the earthquake." San Franciscans call it "the fire," and will brook no other terminology. It really was an earthquake, of course, but—Ouch! We take it back!

Secondly, if you've lived this long, you may refer to the city as Frisco, though it would be safer just to insult someone's mother. The name, sir, is San Francisco.

Spells Ouija, Weegee

On Page 25 of this issue you'll find a couple of police action photographs which were taken by a free-lance photographic named Arthur Fellig, who has been cruising New York's streets at night for the past ten years taking on-the-spot fire and crime pictures. Fellig does his photographic work and publishes his pictures and books under the name of WEEGEE, which he once spelled Ouija.

WEEGEE'S car carries as standard equipment an odd assortment of items including two cameras, a pair of fireman's boots and a box of cigars. He's the only photographer licensed by the New York Police Department to operate a police shortwave radio in his car, but the thing that impresses us most of all is that he listens to police calls on the shortwave set and to musical programs on his regular

car radio with simultaneous attentiveness.

"How come," we asked, "you can understand two different programs at the same time?"

"That's easy," he said. "I have two ears."

And that, incidentally, was the last question we put to Mr. WEEGEE.

Potpourri

EDDIE FORESTER (*No Love Allowed*, page 20) writes from Massena, Iowa, that Roy Stakey, the local barber, has plenty of chairs in his shop, but if a customer wants to read while waiting his turn there are only two magazines to choose from. One is the June issue of *The American Legion Magazine*; the other is the July issue of the same publication.

BOB NICHOLS (*Skeet Is Back In Civics*, page 16) edits the arms and ammunition department of *Field and Stream* magazine. He tells us that he has been monkeying around with guns for the past 50 years, and that he likes most hunters and practically all fishermen, but abhors sportsmen who like to be called by that name. He says that he also likes dogs, when they are gun dogs and good at their trade, and when they belong to him, and he likes children when they are well behaved and belong to other people.

Friday's Fish Day

We've set aside Friday for studying the mail from fishermen protesting our error in illustrating Ray Holland's article on bass fishing (*Head Man*, in our May issue) with a photograph of salmon trout. We were particularly interested in a colorful pamphlet sent us by Arthur H. Parker, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., which is listed as "the home of black bass." This has just about sold us on asking for a vacation, and if things shape up as planned, we'll most certainly take our art editor along, buy him a fishing license and let him see for himself that all fish aren't alike.

D. S.



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This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

PROTESTS RUSSIAN PERSECUTION

Sir: I disagree with Joseph B. Phillips' *What Russia Thinks of Us*, in your April issue. Most Americans have a different view of Russia. They know how she treated the people of Warsaw during the war and how they are persecuting the Polish people today. Communist persecution of religion is now in the open for all the world to see, and there is more than enough on the record to show that Stalin is going on from the point where Hitler left off.

Mrs. CLARA WILLIAMS

Alva, Wyoming

We believe Mrs. Williams will be interested in Fringe of the Iron Curtain by William Henry Chamberlain, on page 14.

THE PENSION FOLLOWS

Sir: In 1942 I was beat up in battle in New Guinea and as a result was awarded a pension. I spent a good deal of time in Australia after my injury. Some of my friends have returned to that country. Does a person lose his disability pension if he should leave the United States and go there?

BILL

Claflin, Kansas

No, he continues to draw his disability pension.

WHITTINGTON COMMENDED

Sir: I wish to commend as a most patriotic statement the letter of M/Sgt. Hulon B. Whittington in your April issue, entitled "A Different Attitude." He has the right attitude. Would to God, more of our trained men had taken his position. All honor to such true Americans as he is.

R. L. KINNAIRD

Christiansburg, Virginia

In stating why he was remaining in the Army, Medal of Honor winner Whittington expressed an attitude that was no less right because it was different.

FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT IT

Sir: I went overseas to Corregidor in 1940. After 37 months of prison camps all over the

Philippines and finally Japan, I feel I am entitled to sound off. I think that we need and should have a large standing army and I firmly believe that the experienced men should take another crack at the service, at least until voluntary enlistments fill the quota of needed men. I'd hate like the very devil to get caught short again. Take it from me. I know. I was on Corregidor!

SGT. ARTHUR A. BRESS*

Shamokin, Pa.

SERVED UNDER FLOEGE

Sir: I was interested in the article *One Man War Department* in your April issue, telling of Ernst F. Floege, the Chicagoan who commanded Free French Forces. My Company (Co. K, 179th Infantry) was attached to this man's outfit for one day in clearing the French town of Accolan, five miles from the Belfort Gap.

FRANK S. NORRIS, JR.

Salisbury, North Carolina

TRAINING FOR OCCUPATIONAL GI'S

Sir: I am deeply interested in the discipline of occupational troops in Germany, since I have a son 19 years old stationed there. Why not give these boys about four hours' schooling a day to occupy their time? I just received a letter from him stating that no more applications for schooling would be taken unless the men join the Regular Army.

PAUL H. ROBBEN

Brighton, Michigan

SEAMEN'S BILL OF RIGHTS

Sir: Overcrowded glory holes and foc'sles caused much tuberculosis among seamen. Many of those afflicted will probably be unable to return to their occupation as seamen. Existing government agencies are not taking care of the situation. However, there is a bill pending, "The Seamen's Bill of Rights," which will offer relief to merchant seamen suffering from tuberculosis as a result of their war service. Those of us with dependents badly need the help offered by this bill. The writer made 25 voyages to the various war areas between May, 1940 and May 22, 1945, when hospitalized. I am a vet of World War I with service in France. On April 26, 1946 I was discharged from the U.S. Marine Hospital and marked total disability. Comrades, shipmates and readers, please lend your support to The Seamen's Bill of Rights.

HUBERT R. SMITH

Flushing, New York

JOB FOR WWI VETS

Sir: I am sick and tired of reading in *The National Legionnaire* as well as *The American Legion Magazine* what is being done for the veterans of World War II in the way of jobs, etc. The poor veteran of World War I seems to be forgotten as far as jobs are concerned and there are quite a few of them without jobs all over the country. In other words, there is too much talk about the veterans of World War II and not enough about the veterans of

World War I. I have been out of a job since last August and do not have a chance of getting one on account of my age. I will be 60 years old in October.

D. A. TOOMEY

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ADVOCATES NEW EMBLEM

Sir: The American Legion insignia as now constituted includes the honorable discharge button authorized by law to be worn by veterans of World War I and by no one else. Why shouldn't veterans of World War II be allowed to wear The American Legion emblem with their own discharge button in the center, instead of being forced to "fly false colors" by wearing the old discharge button? For those who are veterans of both wars the center of the membership button could show portions of both discharge buttons. Let the "ruptured duck" partially obscure the bronze or silver star.

WM. K. CHICK

Santa Barbara, California

QUOTE BRAVE NEW WORLD UNQUOTE

Sir: In your April issue a rather unjust person who signed himself C.J.S. maintained that many Marines were reenlisting and by doing so were in a way slandering this "brave new world." Does C.J.S. forget that these men did more than their share of fighting in order to make this world of ours brave and new? I believe C.J.S. would feel the same way if he had fought and lived with but the one thought of coming back to this wonderful country of ours, and, after coming back, discovering what a fouled-up affair it has become.

W.A.W.

Waukegan, Illinois

We asked C.J.S. what about this. He says he intended no slight to the Marines; he was aiming at the fouled-up "brave new world."

OPERATION VETERAN

Sir: It's no secret that this country will go the way the veterans of this war choose to lead it. That's why the heat's on the vet. Extremists of every sort are out to catch the ex-GI off guard. On the one hand, certain malicious reactionaries are working overtime to befuddle the veteran, to make him resentful of his neighbors and load him with prejudices against Americans of different races, religions or national backgrounds. These wise guys have the Hitler line down pat. Whenever they see a program that might sound good to the GI, they yell "communist." On the other hand, the equally dangerous extremists of the left have their own bag of tricks. They label everything they don't like as "fascist," hoping to scare the veteran into losing faith in the American way of life and win followers for their own subversive ends. Veterans must settle down to some serious thinking. They must study the facts, clearing out the hot air and cutting through the smokescreen of bigotry and prejudice. It also means mapping out the

home-front objectives of our local and national governments—using our veterans' organizations to spearhead the advances of peace and progress.

J. GEORGE FREDMAN

Jersey City, New Jersey

WHERE ARE THE HOUSES?

Sir: I am writing about the gripe of a few million ex-GI's—Homes! Homes! Homes! What has happened to the Congressmen who said, "We will protect the rights of our World War II vets"? What kind of protection is it when veterans are forced to live in hotels at from \$2 to \$4.50 a day, and buy homes at from \$7500 to \$10,000 that are worth \$4500 to \$5500? If this great country of ours can build an eighty-billion-dollar war industry overnight, make the atomic bomb, and win the war, then we can build homes. We must! The American Legion must get behind this program one million percent and do something now!

TED STEVENSON

Los Angeles, California

FOR THE RECORD

Sir: In my story on Sergeant Ralph Neppel in the April issue I said, in speaking of the fund which was raised for him by Gordon Gammack, the Des Moines Tribune columnist, "Sergeant Herschel Briles, of Colfax, Iowa's only other living Medal of Honor wearer, who was unscathed in conflict, gave five dollars to the fund." My mistake. Briles was wounded in the back, an injury which pains him almost constantly. His right hand was hurt, leaving two of his fingers a little stiff; and he has recurring attacks of malaria contracted in Africa. I deeply regret my error, for "Pete" Briles is one of the finest characters who ever wore a uniform; and he has a charming wife.

FRANK MILES

Des Moines, Iowa

men with new ideas
are going places in the

Legionnaire

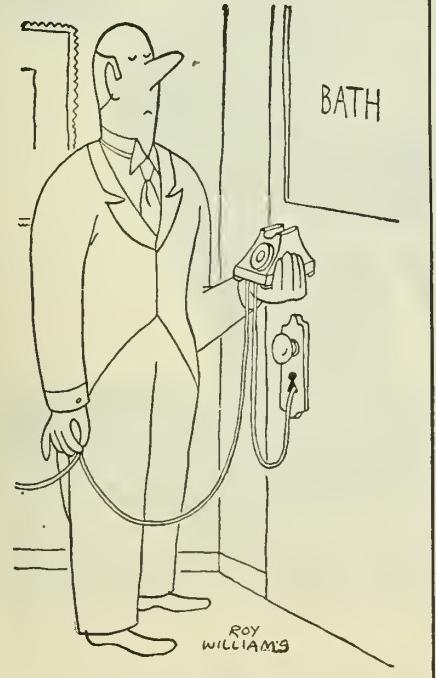


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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TARGET SAN FRANCISCO



A native briefs Legionnaires on the charms and pitfalls of the city by the Golden Gate, scene of the next American Legion convention

It's your own fault. You could have picked a nice, quiet place—like Chillicothe, Ohio, or even, Azusa, California—but no. It had to be San Francisco.

Chillicothe would have been ideally suited for the 1946 American Legion Convention. You hard-working, stern-visaged delegates, eager to grapple with the grave problems at hand, could have remained in executive session day and night, serene in the knowledge that no distractions lay just outside your hotel room.

You could have accomplished so much

in Chillicothe. The vets' housing headaches would have been cleared up in a jiffy. The wide, super-highway-to world peace could have been mapped out in a few hours. The knotty problem of the atom bomb might have proved no more difficult than a cross-word puzzle for 14-year-olds.

And you would have returned home from the Chillicothe clambake with clear eyes, a slight spiritual uplift, and the

Rail visitors from east or north are ferried from Oakland, first emerge in San Francisco from Ferry Building, far left end of Market Street, the main stem

lightest possible dark circles under your eyes.

However, let's stop beating about the bush country. San Francisco is your objective, and I'm afraid you'll find the heights of Nob Hill as rough as Vimy Ridge, the thickets of lower Market Street not too unlike Chateau-Thierry. And as for the Battle of the Bulges—well, Sally Rand and Faith Bacon probably will still be around.

As a long-time San Franciscan, and one who has built up absolutely no immunity to its charms, I would like to make the respectful suggestion that Con-

BY HERB CAEN

vention business start late in the morning—say 11:55 a.m.—and end reasonably early in the afternoon; I think 1:30 p.m. might be the proper time to call a halt each day.

This would give the delegates ample time to look around the town and still get things done. I'm firmly against the delegates spending all their time sightseeing and pleasure-seeking, although, frankly, it's a full-time job.

By this time, most of you—and especially the gentleman from Chillicothe—are wondering what's so hot about San Francisco. I knew you'd ask that question sooner or later, and I knew I'd have the answer. There's nothing hot about San Francisco. It's always cool here. Some people might come right out and say that it's goldarn cold here, but I won't. Not me, with the Chamber of Commerce applying a slow tourniquet to my neck.

Auyway, the point is—bring warm clothes to San Francisco. Not necessarily red flannels, which are terribly unromantic, but forget the Palm Beach suits and the straw hats. Do you know what the fog—oops, how did THAT slip out?—does to a straw hat? Melts the glue, that's what, and pretty soon the hat droops right down over your eyes, making it difficult to get through traffic.

Let's take San Francisco as a whole, and as a whole it's quite a—well, if you think I'm going to say "hole" even for a gag, you're greatly mistaken.

The city covers an area of only 44 square miles, and is bounded on three sides by water and on the fourth by Los Angeles. Los Angeles is creeping closer all the time, and it is our hope that if we just sit here quietly, with our eyes closed, the Southern behemoth will slither right over us and disappear in the Bay and Ocean with, naturally, the most super-colossal splash ever seen. Well, we can dream, can't we?

Within the narrow confines of San Francisco you will find the most cosmopolitan mixture of races, creeds and colors to be found north of Miami Beach in mid-season. Shoulder-to-shoulder, and sometimes closer, dwell Chinese, Italians, Mexicans, Yugoslavs and even a few foreigners from Oklahoma, who can be picked out immediately by their colorful native costumes of slacks, bright

red fingernails and curious head-dresses of dyed hair.

Of course you've heard of Chinatown. It's the biggest Chinese colony outside of China—around 25,000—and if all the chop suey cooked there were laid end to end, it probably still won't be enough to feed the Legion Convention. The smell of opium is often wafted along Grant Avenue (or Du Pont Gai, as the Chinese still call it) and always the threat of tong wars hangs heavy over the district.

However, in case you're thinking about bringing your shootin' irons, there hasn't been a tong war for some



(Top) Close-up of Ferry Bldg., foot of Market St.

(Right) Downtown office buildings, Bay Bridge to Oakland in the background

(Left) Night in Chinatown, full of queer shops, bazaars

20 years now. Not since the Police Department laid down the law and told Chinatown to keep a civil tong in its cheek.

Chinatown is in the heart of the city, surrounded on one side by the tightly-grouped skyscrapers of the financial district—"The Wall Street of the West"—and on the other side by North Beach, where almost 100,000 Italians live in a hamburger heaven of garlic, salami and red wine. There are so many Italian restaurants along Columbus Avenue that you can close your eyes, use your nose for radar, and beam yourself straight through the front door. The food is generally good, too.

Among other things, San Francisco is a city of hotels, which is always nice when you're thinking about having a convention.

The most venerable institution is the Palace, which disappeared from the local scenery during that alleged fire and earthquake of 1906, only to rise again with most of its old traditions unsinged. The glass-topped Palm Court is a fabulous place for lunch or dinner, and most of the waiters have been on the job at least 40



Where the city began. *Mission Dolores de San Franciso de Assisi, founded by Padre Junipero Serra, father of the California missions*

bowling alleys and a football stadium, none of which it has, unfortunately.

In case you haven't got the idea by now, a good deal of drinking goes on in San Francisco. In fact, at last count, there was one bar per 400 San Franciscans, and, it is safe to say, 400 San Franciscans in every bar. Every other door along Powell Street seems to be a saloon (I thought you should know this so you can avoid the neighborhood) and as for Geary Street—well, (*Continued on page 29*)

years. Anyone who's worked there less than 30 years is known as "Junior," which will give you the idea.

The St. Francis is a 1000-room monster across from Union Square, at the cross-roads of the city. Its lobby around 5 p.m. is a nice, quiet affair, something like Grand Central Station without the trains. There are also several bars, including one exclusively for men—and I just knew that would be of especial interest to a convention delegate.

One block up Powell Street is the Sir Francis Drake, which is entirely surrounded by bars—one on its roof, and another in its basement—while high atop Nob Hill stand the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont. The Mark is famed for its glass-enclosed Top o' the Mark, one of the high points of the city, where you can peer over the rim of your highball glass and see for miles in any direction. The Fairmont is also well-equipped to take care of the thirsty, and its lobby is big enough to accommodate 18

**Fence-buster Danny simply didn't
believe that any team—or girl—would
let him go. Especially when the
girl owned the team**



Take two and Hit to Right

Augie, catching Danny Nolan taking his batting practice, said, "I can get a pitcher and an outfielder from the Grays for him."

The kid was the best I'd located in years of scouting for the Blue Sox. I said hotly, "He's another Babe."

"I want team-men on my club," Augie answered. "This Nolan—why if I put on the hit-and-run and I tell him to take two and then hit to right, he clouts the first pitch if it's in there."

"Usually for extra bases," I reminded him. "Some managers would be very grateful for a boy who could clout the first one."

Augie is the youngest manager in the majors. He'll put on a dogfight for one run if he's fifteen markers up on the opposition. Naturally the brilliant but lackadaisical Nolan was enough to give Augie headaches.

The sportswriters loved the kid. They said Augie rode Nolan on account of Nan McCord.

Nan McCord's old man, before he died a month before, was the owner of the Blue Sox. And Augie was in love with Nan. He'd been doing all right too, until Danny Nolan had breezed into our training camp. Nolan went for Nan and after a while everybody knew about the triangle, including the fans.

"Matty," Augie said to me, "I want you to meet a train for me. At three."

I nodded. Nolan threw his bat on the pile and stepped inside the dugout with us. "Who do I meet?" I asked.

"Nan," Augie said. "Bring her here to the stadium. I want to talk to her after the game."

Nan had taken her mother to stay with some relatives after her father's funeral which was why she hadn't been

around lately. Danny Nolan looked over at Augie and grinned his cocky grin.

"Nan won't be back until Friday, Mr. Malone," he said. He always calls Augie "Mr. Malone" in a too respectful tone. His eyes show it's a rib. "I know, because I got a nice long letter from her yesterday."

"And I got a telegram today," Augie said. He pointed toward centerfield. "See how Coley took that one over his shoulder on the dead run? Watch Coley when you get the chance, Nolan. Maybe you'll learn how to do that, eventually."

At three, I was down at the railroad station. Nan smiled at me—a nice, slim eyeful. Her sleek red hair fell almost to her shoulders and with her green eyes and wide, red mouth she made easy looking.

Inside the cab, she asked, "Matty, how would Augie take it if I kept the Sox franchise myself? I mean, if I decided to run the ball club?"

There was the big rub. Nan had been born and brought up on the game by her old man. She knew the ins and outs of things on the diamond and in the front office. But it was going to be delicate stuff, with Augie taking orders from the girl he hoped to marry, especially at a time when he wanted to trade the one guy who stood in his way of getting her.

"That's kind of hard to say," I told her.

"How's Danny been behaving?"

"Well, the last time Augie told him to take two and hit to right, he clouted the first pitch for a triple. Augie pulled him out of the game and the fans rode Augie."

At the stadium we went to her father's Royal Box. The score on the board read 4 to 2 against the Sox, last of the

fifth. It was Danny's turn with two on.

Nan put on dark glasses and leaned forward, intently studying the Sox dugout. Maybe she was looking for Augie.

Nolan strolled out of the dugout with three bats in his hand. He always strolled where Augie bounds out. He crouched in the on-deck circle, staring up at a four-motored transport that flew across the field. He was still watching the plane when he was due at the plate. The ump yelled at him. The crowd laughed. Nolan turned around to grin at them.

The Sox had men on first and third with one out. Nolan took his wide, cocky

Illustrated by STEWART HAMILTON



stance at the plate and rifled the second pitch into center. The man on third tore home, the man on first streaked for third." But Nolan merely loped to first. He knew it was a clean hit and he seldom moved faster than he had to.

But the center fielder juggled the bound of his rifleshot single as Nolan reached first. When he saw the fumble, he put his head down and lammed for second. But the throw-in was straight as a clothesline and, despite a good slide, Nolan was out.

Nan groaned. "He'd have made it if he hadn't (*Continued on page 42*)

Nan was on her feet, yelling with the crowd. "I wish Augie could have seen that one," she said

BY
DUANE DECKER





Illustration by
L. R. GUSTAVSON

A new order is shaping up in Europe with Moscow calling the turn in countries which do as they're told...or else

ONE of the most striking consequences of the war is the Soviet military and political conquest of the vast area of eastern and central Europe which lies east of the line between Stettin in the North and Trieste in the South. This conquest finds expression partly in direct annexation, partly in the establishment of overwhelmingly strong Moscow controls through the utilization of local Communists in key governmental posts.

Josef Stalin declared in 1930: "We do not want a single foot of foreign territory." Communist propagandists and Soviet apologists in this country often tell us that the Soviet regime is concerned only with security and has no aggressive expansionist designs.

But the plain facts of recent history tell a different story. The record of Soviet annexation, in terms of territory, is as follows: Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Eastern Poland, Finnish Karelia, Petsamo, Bessarabia, Northern Bukovina, Carpatho-Ukraine, the Koenigsberg area of East Prussia. These countries and regions have a population of about twenty-four million.

Still more impressive is the Soviet record of indirect annexation. This includes every country between the former Soviet and German frontiers except Greece and the part of Austria which is under non-Soviet occupation. To be specific, the countries and areas which are in complete political and economic vassalage to Moscow at the present time include: Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Hungary, Finland, Czechoslovakia and the parts of Germany and Austria which are under Soviet military occupation. More than one hundred million people live in this territory.

This is a pretty long step toward domination of the entire European continent, especially if one considers that the Soviet leaders have been far more ruthless and purposeful in advancing communism in their part of Europe than America and Great Britain have been in promoting the ideals of democracy

and individual liberty in the countries west of the Stettin-Trieste line.

An iron curtain has been slammed down between this huge new Soviet sphere of interest and the outside world. Foreign journalists have been completely denied access to some regions, notably the Baltic States and Eastern Poland. Travel is under the strict control of Soviet military authorities in many countries, and permits are granted grudgingly and capriciously. Mail is censored. The press is under Soviet control, not quite so strictly as in Russia itself, but to such a degree that important speeches by American and British statesmen often reach the people of these eastern and central European countries in abridged and garbled form.

However, it is possible to piece together from the reports of foreign observers and from information which is smuggled out through underground

FRINGE OF THE IRON CURTAIN

example. Although he is a Pole by birth, Bierut, whose real name is Krasnodabsky, has spent very little of his adult life in Poland. He studied in Communist training schools in Moscow, was sent as an agent of the Communist International to Prague and Vienna and returned to Poland with the invading Soviet armies in 1939.

Men and women with similar backgrounds hold strategic positions in other Soviet controlled countries. Bierut's closest associates, Gomolka, Radkiewicz, Berman, are not Polish leaders who came up in the course of the underground struggle against the Nazis. They are Red Quislings, men who were trained in Moscow to take over the civil administration after the Red Army had conquered and occupied Poland.

Josip Broz Tito, the dictator of Yugoslavia, is another Moscow-trained veteran Communist. Two key figures in Rumania who survive every change in administration are Lucretiu Patrascu and Anna Pauker, both experienced agents of the Communist International. The Communist stalwarts in Bulgaria are Georgi Dimitrov, who figured in the Reichstag fire trial, Anton Yugow and

of industrial equipment and natural resources. The Soviet Government now possesses a controlling interest in the Ploesti oil fields of Rumania, the largest in Europe. The Austrian oil wells in the Zistersdorf area have also been seized. Austria gets no benefit from this oil, although it is desperately in need of fuel.

The Soviet practice of setting up in Moscow schools for the training of foreign revolutionaries has produced a crop of trained, indoctrinated Communists who follow Moscow's orders implicitly in directing the new regimes which have been set up in the Soviet-dominated countries. Boleslav Bierut, key figure in the present Polish Government, is a good

Tsola Dragoicheva. The chief Moscow agent in Hungary, a gentleman named Matyas Rakosi, for many years the outstanding leader of the Hungarian Communist Party, is deputy Prime Minister in that country. Hungarian Communists hold several important Cabinet positions, including the Ministry of the Interior, with its control of the police. An election in Hungary last November gave the Communists only 17 percent of the votes. But the Soviet military administration has been weighing the scales in favor of the Hungarian Communists, regardless of the election returns.

It is noteworthy that Communists hold the strategic posts of Minister of the Interior and Minister of Education in almost all Soviet-controlled countries. This makes it possible for them to make effective use of the two main weapons of Soviet dictatorship, terrorism and

propaganda. Czechoslovakia and Finland, unlike the other countries in the Soviet sphere, are not under direct Soviet military occupation. But effective Soviet control is exercised through highly placed Communists in the Czechoslovak and Finnish Governments.

All-out Sovietization, economic and political, is the rule for regions like Eastern Poland and the Baltic states, which have been formally annexed to the Soviet Union. Hundred percent nationalization of means of production has been avoided in the satellite states; but big strides have been taken in this direction. About seventy percent of the industry has been nationalized in Czechoslovakia. Industrial enterprises with more than fifty employees are subject to nationalization in Poland.

There has been wholesale confiscation of private property under the pretext of punishing "collaborators" in Yugoslavia. Inasmuch as the Axis forces occupied all the larger towns of Yugoslavia, every owner who kept his factory open could be (*Continued on page 48*)

sources a fair impression of what is going on behind this iron curtain, in such countries as Poland and Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Individual details vary from country to country; but there is a uniform general picture of intensive Soviet penetration and infiltration.

Exclusive commercial agreements, on terms very advantageous to Russia, have been forced on Poland and Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. Large Soviet armies are living off the country in Germany, Austria, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary, in many cases consuming more food than UNRRA can bring in and contributing appreciably to the near-famine conditions which prevail throughout Europe.

On the pretext of seizing German assets there has been wholesale spoliation

A few of the crack skeet shooters
who trained air-corps cadets in
wing shooting during the war



SKEET IS BACK IN CIVVIES

You'll call it all the names in the book before you get good at it. But officially the name is Skeet. A woman out in Minnesota supplied the name. An eastern hunting and fishing magazine awarded her first prize in a nation-wide contest conducted to find an appropriate moniker for this clay target shooting game. The lady from Minnesota claims it's an old Norwegian word meaning "to shoot."

Skeet shooting began in this country just about twenty years ago. Within fifteen years, more than a thousand skeet shooting clubs had sprung up in all parts of the country. Between sixty and seventy thousand gunners were shooting skeet.

When the flames of World War II began licking at America's Pacific and Atlantic shore lines skeet promptly got into uniform and went to war. Dozens of crack civilian skeet shots, above age

The Clay Target Brotherhood served Uncle Sam well. Now they're back from the wars, swapping yarns and letting go at the pottery pigeons

level for active combat duty, offered their services to the Army and Navy—and were quickly accepted.

Every Army and Navy air cadet went through the basic training schedule on the skeet field to learn how to hit flying targets. When he could hit skeet targets with a shotgun he graduated to the fifty-calibre machine gun.

Meanwhile civilian skeet shooting was blacked out. Neither time nor effort was available to produce shotgun shells and clay targets for civilians to shoot for fun only. The shooting was then all in earnest and all shot shell and target

production went to the armed forces for training purposes.

Skeet is back from the war today, out of uniform, and thousands of prewar civilian skeet shooters now have their ranks augmented by many more thousands of lads who "learned how" during the war years on the various skeet training fields set up and operated by the Army and Navy.

With civilian skeet shooting coming back, we are reminded of how we were introduced to the game exactly twenty years ago. Our introduction happened on a Westchester golf course. Off the eighteenth tee we sliced into the rough, which was no (*Continued on page 40*)

BY BOB NICHOLS

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GREYHOUND



An amazing proposal to carry certain
GI customs over into the business world.
Probably nobody will adopt it, we hope



HASH AND SALAD FOREVER

DURING the war a casual glance at G. I. Joe was all that was necessary to give you the complete history of his life. Freighted down with fruit salad, hashmarks, service bars, wound stripes, shoulder patches, sleeve insignia, collar ornaments and chevrons, the soldier's past was an open book. About the only question you had to ask him was his home address. Even his blood type was available from the data on his dog tag if you were too lazy to make direct inquiry.

Peace stripped G. I. Joe of all these accoutrements. A ruptured duck in his lapel is all that is left of these wartime relics. The whole kit and kaboodle, languishing on his uniform, has been relegated to moth balls. Joe is now in civvies and his get-up reveals absolutely nothing about his past, present or future. In many ways this is too bad. Particularly so if Joe is applying for a job. Letters of recommendation are all right but how much simpler it would be for a prospective employer if the

applicant sported his civilian service record splashed across his chest and up and down both arms the way he wore his military record from 1941 to 1946.

All progressive organizations like Standard Oil, General Motors, U. S. Steel, Macy's, Electrolux and Borden's would do well to incorporate the army system so that the record of its employees would stand out like a Christmas tree. The railroad companies long ago adopted service bars for conductors. But this is only a starter. I'd like to see the New York Central Railroad hand out the Conductor's Medal "for heroism not involving actual combat with a passenger in the Club Car," or the Pullman (*Continued on page 46*)

BY EDDIE FORESTER

Jody and Jane pushed each other
around as if they were man and wife,
but didn't know it was love

No Love Allowed



Jane was waiting in a small booth of the airport lunchroom when I returned from the information desk. Her hat was one of those tiny, ridiculous and expensive things, and her fur coat hadn't come out of a bargain basement. Her hair-do was ultra smart and her manner fairly oozed success. Little Jane had done all right for herself with Ted Amber's band—and with no help from Jody.

She'd ordered two coffees and was sipping her own between deep drags on a cigarette.

"Jody's plane is forty minutes late," I said and sat down.

Jane sighed out a prolonged puff of smoke, plainly relieved to postpone, even for forty minutes, a difficult situation that had had almost three years to grow into a full blown dilemma for both her and Jody—and me, too.

We didn't say anything for several

minutes. There was something I had to know, but I couldn't decide how to break open the issue. At first, I had thought that my chores in the matter would be very simple. I call her up as an old trouper-friend, tell her Jody has got his lapel buzzard and is flying in from the west coast, I pick her up and take her to the airport, they fly into each other's arms, and that's that! I had been that sure that she loved him.

But now, seeing the high polish she had acquired while Jody was flying a war, I wasn't sure of anything.

Since she obviously wasn't going to break the ice, I had to, so I jumped in with both feet.

"Do you really want to revive the old dance act with Jody?"

"I quit Ted Amber, didn't I?" she said without taking her eyes off her coffee.

That was no answer. "But do you

really want to go back with Jody?" I persisted. "Or do you just think it's your duty, because he's a returning serviceman?"

She ignored the question, which dropped my hopes to ceiling zero. How did I get myself mixed up in this go-between business, anyway?"

"Bob," she said, "has he changed?"

"Of course he's changed," I said. "All of us have changed one way or another. Didn't letters tell you anything?"

"What letters?" she demanded scornfully. "I received exactly five letters from him in all the time he was overseas."

I cocked a puzzled eye. Five letters in three years! There was something screwy here. I'd seen him write at least five letters to her—in one week. The dope! He must not have mailed them. It suddenly dawned on me why, too.

"How often did you write to him?" I asked. I knew, but I wanted to hear her say it.

She looked me straight in the eye, clear and defiant. "I answered every letter he wrote to me," she said, and punctuated the retort with a sharp nod.

Kid stuff, I thought, but didn't say it. The breach between them was too wide already.

But I couldn't resist asking: "And what did you say in your letters?"

She shrugged guiltily and lit another cigarette.

I knew what she'd written, because I had read her letters. "Ted has been wonderful to me—The Dallas Morning News gave me half a page in the Sunday roto—Ted says I was responsible for the band being held over two weeks in Detroit." Each of these letters had burned a big hole in Jody's ego. But then, of course Jody had a big ego.

Before we go any further, I think you should know the background.

Jody and Jane had more conventional names, but we'll skip them to keep the picture in

professional focus. To all of their pals in show business, they were *Jody & Jane, Dancers With A Style*. I was doing a comedy single before the war and worked in the same shows with them dozens of times. Troupers backstage are like gossips on the backyard fence. They know everything about everybody. Besides, I was co-pilot when Jody flew a milk wagon over Germany for twenty-nine missions and all of us let our hair down when the flak got thick.

Jane was a shy and frightened little amateur with straw in her ears when Jody offered to team up with her.

"You've got class," he said, "and you know how to sell your stuff. If you're willing to work hard, I think we can make the big time."

Jane had heard things about hoofers who feed that kind of line to pretty young beginners and she eyed him suspiciously.

Jody caught on and laughed. "Now get those crazy notions out of your head," he said. "I'm looking for a dancing partner, and nothing more. Do you understand?"

Being caught mentally red-handed made Jane blush and she nodded sheepishly.

Jody was an intense young performer who approached his profession with almost deadly earnestness. He could turn his charm off and on like a spigot. Off-stage he was serious, almost profound, before the footlights he was the personality kid with the pearly white teeth and the boyish grin. To him, show business was just that—business, without a simian prefix.

"I'll work you until your legs fall off," he warned Jane. "And if we don't click, I'll let you go, for your own good as well as mine. There's no room for sentiment in this racket."

"You make it sound awfully cold-blooded," she (*Continued on page 38*)

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER



Jane tried to pull away, but I held her. "There's Jody," she said, "this is no time for reminiscing"

Hogan, Nelson, Keiser await the final round at Augusta. Keiser nipped Ben



Little Ben is succeeding on the
comeback trail because he knows the most
important shot in golf is the next one

Lt. Ben Hogan, AAF—PDC, served in the Army Air Force for approximately three years. When the wiry, 136-pound Texan from Fort Worth returned to civilian life last summer, having played little golf in service, there was a general feeling that at the age of thirty-three Ben would have a rough and rocky road reaching his former form.

After all Bobby Jones had retired at twenty-eight and at thirty-two Bob had found the come-back trail blocked with barricades that were hard to batter down.

But it didn't take slim Ben, the Texas Tarantula, too long to find his game. By fall and early winter he was again blistering the fairways from ocean to ocean, from the northwest to the southeast, which is quite a chunk of diagonal terrain. How could Hogan or anyone else return to the baffling intricacies of golfing form so quickly?

The answer, in Ben's case was quite simple. In addition to a natural knack the main foundation of his game had always been hard work, plus a combination of concentration and determination incredible in golf history.

"I worked hard before I entered the Army," Hogan told me. "I simply worked even harder after I came out."

I asked Hogan what his hardest job was in handling the come-back march.

"Regaining my former concentration", he said. "The physical side was easy enough. I left the Army in fit condition and it was merely a matter of forcing myself to concentrate again on every shot. Here and there I found my mind wandering away on certain shots and you can't afford any such lapses, even a few, in championship golf."

Many have wondered how a slender 136-pound player could get such distance. For after all only Siege-Gun Jimmy Thomson, 195 pounds, and lanky Sammy Snead, 175 pounds, hit the ball farther on any general average.

Hogan is certainly as long as Byron Nelson or the other leading stars who outweigh him from 40 to 50 pounds.

In the first place Hogan has a pair of strong hands and a pair of powerful wrists. Distance in golf comes largely from accurate swinging or hitting and club-head speed. Naturally the basic force back of any 250 or 280 yard drive is timing.

By almost unbelievable hard work, hour after hour, day after day, month after month, Hogan's timing on every type of shot from the long drive to the

90-yard wedge has equaled anything golf has known.

Through perfect hand and wrist action, plus body team play, the little Texan has his club head traveling at terrific speed through the moment of impact. He has proved that bulk isn't power and that size is unimportant.

For example, at the 470-yard tenth hole at the Augusta National, in the Masters tournament last spring, Hogan hit the green with a drive and a 7 iron to get a birdie 3 on the toughest hole on the course.

But the main strength of Hogan's game isn't on the physical side. Once, before entering the Army, Hogan was teamed up with Gene Sarazen in Miami's famous four ball championship. Now, Sarazen is known as one of the hardest boiled competitors in golf. There are few who have his grim determination to win. "This fellow Hogan has me outclassed as golf fighter," Gene told me later: "At the eighth hole we were six up in our first match. I was more than satisfied. But I got the shock of my life when Ben came over to me and said: 'Let's wake up. Gene, and wreck these fellows. What's the matter with us? We should have been eight up here in place

how difficult it is to keep concentrating through an entire round. Even the best will take a short recess here and there. Hogan takes no recess or vacation. If he is around in 68 that means he has given his concentration to 68 strokes. I still don't see just how he does it. He must have complete control of himself, something that demands an amount of iron self discipline that extremely few ever have."

This is all true. But plus this concentration Texas Ben also carries along a heavy pack of determination. After a bad hole or two there is always the temptation in golf to get discouraged, to slacken up. A bad hole only makes Hogan fight back all the harder. He accepts bad breaks or bad luck as part of the game and I have yet to hear him complain about any bad breaks.

"There is no place in golf for any self pity," he said once. "I've seen too many golfers pity themselves out of a chance to win because they came to a bad lie, or the ball took a bad hop into some bunker, or a putt hit the cup and failed to drop. This happens to us all. We forget that the other fellows in a tournament field are also having their troubles, or will have before the show is over.

Through 72 holes luck just about evens itself up. There have been many times when I felt like quitting in a round—when I was having bad luck or felt that my swing was wrong, but I am taking no chance of developing any such habit."

"You can correct faults," he added, "but habits are much more difficult to control, once they are formed. As far as possible I try never to play a careless shot, even in practice."

In the \$13,000 St. Petersburg Open I saw Hogan hit what looked to be a perfect shot to the ninth green. I am sure he expected to have a putt for a three. But his long iron barely caught the extended edge of a mound and the ball bounded back off this mound to leave him a killing shot to the pin.

Hogan's expression never changed when he came up and saw what had just happened. He first studied the contour of the green, went to ball, took his time and with flawless wrist and hand action he pitched to within a yard of the cup. From there the ball rolled into the hole for his three. He had refused to let a bad break of luck upset his poise in the slightest. Only the right habit of self discipline had made this shot possible where too many others (*Continued on page 31*)

BY GRANTLAND RICE

of only six up. Come on, now, and let's really tear in!"

"That flattened me completely," Sarazen said. This same pair practically tore the rest of the field apart.

Later on, Bobby Jones was, for the first time, playing with Hogan at Chicago in a big tournament. At the end of the round Bobby had this to say: "I have just played with the hardest worker I ever saw in golf. I'll change that. I'll say the hardest worker I ever saw in any game. I'll admit I couldn't quite stand that much constant pressure on my physical, mental and nervous system. The mistakes many of us too often make in golf are on the easier shots. We are all inclined to take such shots for granted. Not Ben Hogan. Even on a simple 100-yard pitch to a big green Ben will call on all the concentration in his system—not merely to hit the green—but to get the ball stone dead or perhaps hole it. Few people ever realize



Ben's concentration on every shot astounds his rivals



Here's a field that's a natural
for Veterans and one in which they are
badly needed as crime increases

Combat vets return to the firing line
to groom for Illinois State Police jobs

"CRIME wave in London shocks natives," cabled the British correspondent of a Chicago newspaper recently. "Over the weekend London had two hold-ups, three burglaries, and numerous petty violations."

"Seems rather tame," the managing editor reflected. He called to the city editor: "Have our police reporter check up on Chicago's crime over the weekend."

Here's what the newshawk found had happened in the Windy City between Friday noon and Monday night: five murders, 23 robberies, 26 burglaries, 57 larcenies, 65 auto thefts, 10 assaults, two rapes, and one hit-and-run case.

The murder victims included an electrician shot by fellow workmen in a union row; a hoodlum bumped off in a

tavern by a gangster with a sawed-off shotgun; a war veteran slain by his wife after his threat to sue for divorce; a cab driver shot down by hold-up men; and a serious-minded, church-going woman, an ex-Wave, criminally assaulted and stabbed to death.

Meantime, New York was in the throes of a similar orgy of crime, although the police blotter registered fewer actual felonies. However, the metropolis had been riding a new homicidal high with 69 violent deaths registered in 77 days. Portland, Oregon, was beset by a wave of safe robberies, in one of which the loot totalled \$50,000; also by many hold-ups, two of which resulted in murder.

These were typical flare-ups of the post-war crime wave which J. Edgar

Hoover, director of the FBI, warned many months ago would sweep the country, and which is now moving toward its climax. He asserts that 6,000,000 criminals are on the loose, and that a crime is committed every 22 seconds. This picture shows the job of policeman looming high in the welfare and safety of 140,000,000 Americans.

The war depleted the combined national police personnel of 125,000 officers by 28,000—that number went into war service. Now, not only are these vacancies being rapidly filled by returning veterans, but also many additional thousands are being called into the ranks of law enforcers. It is estimated that upwards of 50,000 jobs in police ranks will have been supplied by former members of the armed forces by a year from now.

Again let us take Chicago, my home city, for an example. Beset by murders,

hold-ups, racketeering and gangster violence reminiscent of the hey-day of Al Capone, it sent out an emergency call a few months back for a thousand new policemen. Only veterans of World War II, preferably men who had seen action, were summoned. Nearly 10,000 responded. On the morning when enrollment was to take place, lines of former fighting men two blocks long formed at dawn before five key police stations.

Many had served as Military Police and Shore Patrol. Still other heroes of the battlefields, who had fought for the establishment of law on the international scene, wanted to continue their career by battling lawlessness on the home front. Intensive training schools were set up, and within a few weeks



Ready for anything. When woman fell off New York dock, radio car's life-preserver came in handy

JOB\$ For Veterans

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

veterans as police officers were winning merit awards for bravery in smashing down criminals.

The very first day that one of the rookies, George Sawicki, went on the job, he was assigned to guard the balloting in a troublesome precinct during a hot election. He broke up a fist fight between precinct captains, then saw one slink away. Keeping out of sight, Sawicki noted the man return a few moments later, a noticeable bulge in his right hip pocket. The new policeman pinned the arms of the official while he frisked him, taking his .45 caliber revolver, and probably preventing a murder.

Another war veteran rookie gave chase to a drunken stabber on a rampage, who had slashed two men with a butcher knife. This new cop, Adolph Valoris, leaping onto the 225-pound outlaw, judoed him into helplessness, disarmed him, and took him to the station.

The candidates for police jobs were men like these, stalwart of body, alert of mind, and courageous of spirit. They looked like the best of the nation's football teams, (*Continued on page 34*)

Crime grows as war ends. One-armed plainclothesman fingerprints N.Y. murder victim in street decked out for V-J Day celebration



"BUT WE EXPECTED YOU AT DAKAR!"



One night late in October, 1942, the formidable German U-boat packs in the South Atlantic received an order to speed to a rendezvous off Dakar. The packs slid quickly to their positions, and soon over a hundred Nazi submarines had taken station in a tight semicircle around Africa's western tip. Ashore, Vichy French troops manned for action the powerful coastal defenses which two years before had repelled the British-Free French assault led by General de Gaulle. The American invasion across the Atlantic was steaming into an ambush which might well cripple it. At least, that is what the German High Command thought.

On the night of November 7th, however, German radio stations suddenly interrupted their programs for a news flash. "Achtung! Achtung! A large enemy army is on the northern coast of Africa. . ." Our invasion forces had surprised the

**What happened when Donald Q. Coster,
a young New York ad man, was ordered
to Vichy Africa to mislead the German Army**

Germans by landing at points some 2000 miles from where they were expected. The Dakar Cover Plan, one of the most effective ruses of the war, had been successful.

A most important link in the chain of deception was forged by Donald Coster, a soft-spoken young New Yorker who had been an advertising agency executive in private life. Coster was by no means the usual carefully trained, hard boiled agent of international skulduggery. Yet he beat the Germans at their own game with the misleading combination of common sense and naive disregard for the traditional rules of international intrigue.

Coster had entered the conflict early in 1940, driving an ambulance of the American Field Service for the French Army. He was captured, spent several unpleasant weeks in German hands, was released, and came home to join the



Navy. His knowledge of French pushed him into the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington. When Colonel William Donovan established the Office of the Coordinator of Information—later to become the office of Strategic Services, Coster was transferred to the new agency. But let Don tell his own story.

By Donald Q. Coster

One Sunday morning I was called into Colonel Donovan's office. "You are going to Casablanca," said the Colonel. "It's the most important place in the world at the moment."

I blinked.

"French Africa will be invaded one of these days," he continued, "by either the Germans or ourselves. You are to help prepare for either eventuality. We must know the German plans."

History's greatest trans-oceanic convoy steamed steadily into a German trap—or so thought the hoodwinked Nazis

"Yes, sir," I gulped.

"A German Armistice Commission is in Casablanca, to see that the French carry out the terms of the agreement. You might try to make the Commission believe that, if we invade, we will come in through Dakar. I'll leave the method of doing it up to you."

I swallowed hard as the full significance of the Colonel's casually spoken words sank in.

"And you'd better stop by London, Lisbon, and Gibraltar on the way to pick up what information you can from British Intelligence. That's all."

I felt like Little Red Riding Hood about to enter a whole forest of wolves. Gestapo gunmen, superspies, and ingenious Nazi methods of mayhem and assassination chased each other past my mind's eye.

A few days later I found myself a Vice Consul in the pay of the State Department. Donovan used this cover to cloak his agents in officially neutral Vichy French territory. Most of our *non-career* consular officers in North Africa were Donovan men, preparing for invasion. Like myself, the other "Vice Consuls" were the rankest amateurs at spying that had ever been sent up against the German professionals.

In Washington, I rushed through a quick course in the code I was to use, and little else. Our elaborate spy school had not yet been set up. I didn't even know how to pry open a desk drawer and I was acutely conscious of my amateur status as my plane took off for London.

In London the first of Coster's Curious Coincidences took place. An English girl whom I met at our Embassy somehow picked up a hint that I was going to North Africa. She begged me to try to find and help a very dear friend of hers—an Austrian named Freddy—who had been in the French Foreign Legion and was now probably in a Vichyite concentration camp near Casablanca. I was one very embarrassed spy. No one was supposed to know where I was going or why. But I promised half-heartedly that I would try to find the Austrian.

In London, Lisbon, and Gibraltar I had met the "heavy brass" of the British intelligence services, whose calm self-assurance and characteristic steely glance always made me feel uncomfortably inadequate. I was pretty quiet when the grownups talked. They told me about General Theodor Auer, sinister chief of the German Armistice Commission. In Casablanca he had bought out the local French and native leaders. His counter-intelligence system was well organized and ruthless.

The Englishmen shook their heads over my chances of convincing the *Herr General* of anything important that wasn't true; he knew all the tricks. I should be careful, they warned, of my health. Then just (*Continued on page 49*)

STILL OUR No. 1 JOB

By John Stelle

National Commander, The American Legion

One year ago this month we, as a Nation, experienced the feelings that come to a people whose citizen soldiers emerged victorious from the most devastating war in recorded history. Those feelings were a mingled compound of the thrill that came from success in beating back the tyranny and despotism of Germany and Japan—and the awful sense of responsibility we had acquired as we looked towards the solution of the problems of the new found peace.

The impact of peace was as sudden and difficult as had been the earlier effort to organize for war. It beat in upon us from every angle—politically, economically, and racially, both internationally and at home. We were brought to the realization that the problems of the peace were—and are—just as tough as anything experienced in war.

One tangible problem faced us in The American Legion. It was the matter of dealing with the rehabilitation and readjustment of the fifteen million men and women who had worn the uniform since Pearl Harbor. As a service organization we had known most of the rehabilitation problems. But now they were upon us at least five-fold greater than ever they had been before.

As a service organization The American Legion, more than any other civilian organization, had the manpower and the distribution to deal with this problem of rehabilitation right in the home town of the returning veteran. We had the experience and the judgment to indicate those things which would be of the most importance to those who came home whole in body and sound in mind, as well as to those who were the direct victims of war.

How, then, has The American Legion met the onslaught of this great problem in the first twelve-months since the ending of the fighting war in Japanese territory. I do not intend here to make a detailed report of the rehabilitation service of The American Legion in such a period; but as your National Commander I think I should call your attention to some of the actions which have been considered as basic in their importance. The things I shall mention are in addition to all the tremendous volume of work that is carried on continuously in every community where there is an American Legion Post today.

1. Our special GI Committee, in concert with our legislative committee, was able to correct the defects of the GI Bill of Rights. This was done through securing legislative correction of the basic structure. The effect of the amendments so secured has enhanced the educational value of this legislation to all veterans of this war; the loan guarantees have been strengthened; and the elevation of Veterans Administration priorities has put the construction and equipment program of that organization in a more sound position.



Commander Stelle and Gen. Omar Bradley. Care of vets is their prime concern

2. The American Legion's interest in securing more beds for veterans has met with substantial, if only partial, success. Collaterally The American Legion has beaten down the thoughts that non-service connected cases should be deprived of the benefits of hospitalization. Quick response came to the Legion's statement of the position of those non-service connected cases where hospitalization was vital for the mentally affected, for the tubercular, and for those suffering organic breakdowns of a permanent nature.

3. As a morale-building factor no effort anywhere was more successful than the demonstrations—by the McGonegal-Pfeffer team—to encourage the physically handicapped amputees.

4. From an organizational standpoint, the rehabilitation program has been expanded and developed. Now we have an experienced team of three employees working in each of the thirteen branch offices of the Veterans Administration. These 39 employees will be working on all phases of the rehabilitation program while maintaining a primary interest in the development and prosecution of death and insurance claims. The importance of this work may not be emphasized too strongly.

★ ★ ★

There remains a mountain of working and planning to be done by The American Legion in the field of rehabilitation. In making this statement at this time my interest is in acquainting all of you with the fact that The American Legion is a live, virile organization; in urging that all of you who are members remember that for the victims of war there is an ever present problem; which each of you may aid in solving.

We shall continue to work for proper legislation for our veterans; we shall be vigilant in seeing that their rights under such legislation are protected. As we, with the American Legion Auxiliary, have initiated a program of research to see what may be done to correct the scourge of rheumatic fever's results, so shall we be ever alert to all new problems of our veterans as they arise.

In doing so we shall be cognizant of the fact that The American Legion is basically a service organization, devoted in all ways to the needs of the Nation we served in war and to the men and women who have returned to civilian lives as veterans of such wars.

TARGET SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 11)

just to make sure, I checked the five blocks on Geary between Powell and Larkin, and counted five bars and two liquor stores per block. Disgusting, isn't it?

There also seem to be a few night clubs around—like the Bal Tabarin, the Copacabana, the 365, Moderne, the Music Box and Joe DiMaggio's Yacht Club, all with floor shows, goodish food and beautiful girls, and I wish there were some way to keep THEM out of the conversation for a while.

The only slight handicap at the moment is the midnight curfew, which means that drinks must be off the table by the witching hour. This is a quaint holdover from the days of World War II, and perhaps by the time you get here, California will be back to the pre-war 2 a.m. closing.

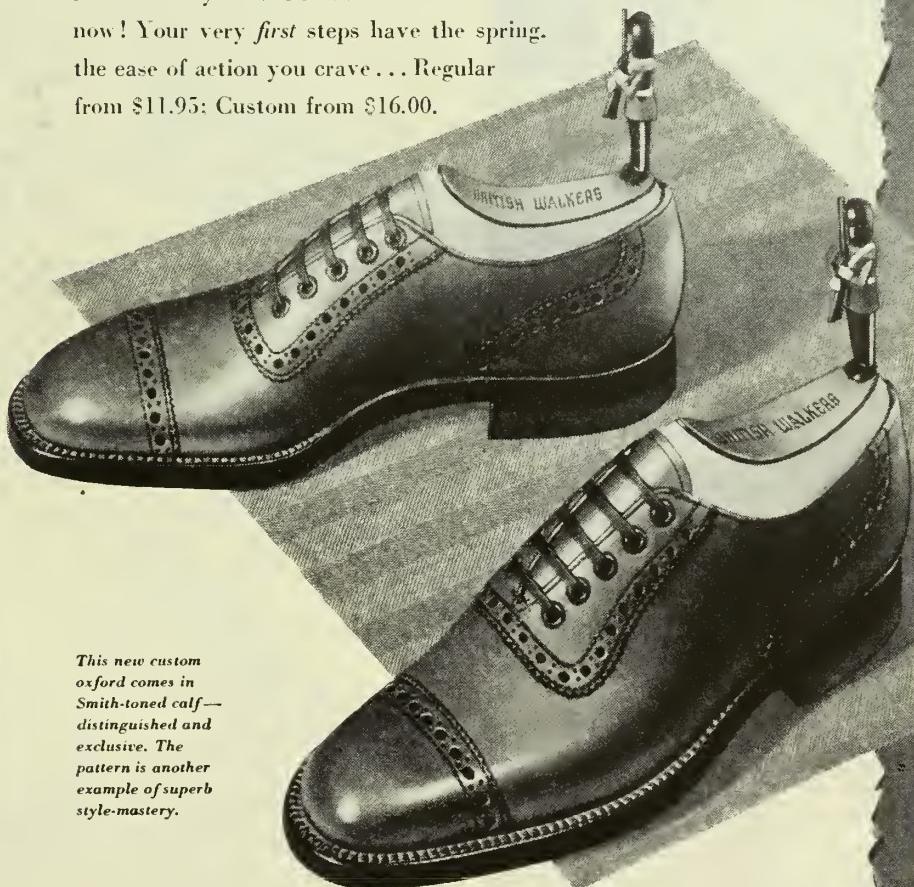
San Francisco also has a slight reputation as a home of fine restaurants, and far be it from me to say it isn't so. If you're searching for the old-time atmosphere, there's a place called Jack's which hasn't changed anything except its tablecloths since 1895. If you like to be fawned over by eight head-waiters, all named Emil, try Lombard's on Van Ness Avenue, or El Prado, in the Plaza Hotel. And across the Bay Bridge in Oakland is Trader Vic's, with wonderful barbecued ribs, exotic drinks in tall glasses and plenty of soft, South Seas atmosphere. Armenian food is notably present at Omar Khayyam's by George Mardikian, whose real name is George Mardikian, while a gentleman named Amelio, on Powell, turns out the kind of steak even a steer would be proud of.

EVERY city has a main street, and San Francisco's is Market—a thoroughfare that starts noisily at the Ferry Building, slants through the middle of town and



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loses itself in the hills, raising a furious commotion all the while. The most frightening thing about Market Street is its four lines of roaring street cars, all of which seem to be bearing down on you at the same time with much clanging of bells. Somebody once observed that you take your life in your feet every time you cross Market—and it's so true, brother, so true.

Our aged street-cars aren't much—in fact, they would have been grand fodder for an atomic bomb test—but our cable cars are something else again. Everybody loves the cable cars, even people who have to ride them every day. They're as antique as a Stanley Steamer, but San Franciscans would rather lose their Bridges (including Harry) than see the cables put out to pasture.

The cable cars were invented here in 1873, as one way of climbing the hills without getting unsightly bulges in your legs. They're small and festooned with the rococo gew-gaws that supposedly disappeared years ago, but still they manage to get up and down with an alarming spryness. In case you ride one—and I heartily recommend it—keep a firm grip on your seat, or somebody else's. They definitely do not slow down for the curves, and your only warning will be a frantic cry from the gripman: "Watch out for the turning!" We lose more darn tourists that way.

San Francisco, sprawled over seven hills, is one of the few world metropolises that can sit and look at itself, and the sight is well worth seeing. From the heights of Twin Peaks, you can let your eyes toy with an almost indigestible vista of skyscrapers and glittering streets, the great, curving stretch of the Bay, the amber-lit Bridges and the faraway, flickering lights of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. The scenery from atop Nob Hill and Telegraph Hill will also make your eyes catch their breath.

I hope I'm not giving you the idea that San Francisco is a never-never land of gay, bright people living in glass houses

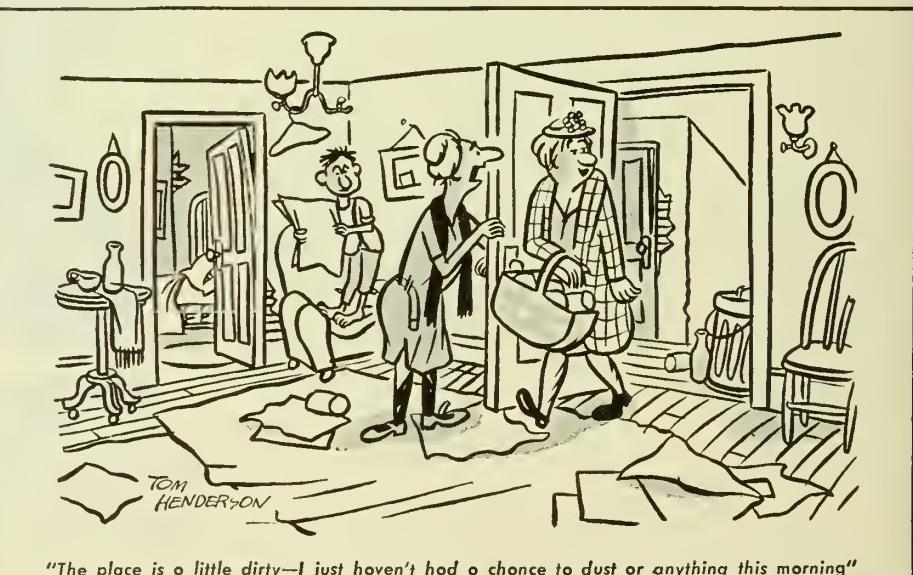
on a hill overlooking a million-dollar view. This so-called "Paris of the West" has had two great sobering experiences in its life. One was the fire and earthquake, from which it emerged shaken and sobered, and the second was World War II, which put new lines on its forehead, new problems in its mind.

SAN FRANCISCO today is an over-crowded city, swollen with a new population attracted by its war industries. Its streets are jammed with servicemen flowing in and out of this Port of Embarkation, largest on the Coast. Even the Chamber of Commerce won't slap my wrist for saying that the traffic problem is murderous. But over it all, like a cool hand on a fevered brow, is an atmosphere that has always made San Francisco unique among the cities of America.

I don't know what it is. Maybe it's the spirit of the natives, who whistled and sang at their job of re-building San Francisco out of the ruins of 40 years ago. Maybe it's the vigor of the newcomers, who have shaken the city out of pre-war stolidity. It could even be something as simple as the white fog, knifing in through the Golden Gate to spread out dreamily in the Bay, or the hills, jutting up with little houses clinging desperately to their sides.

San Francisco is "different," even though a lot of its old-time raciness has disappeared with the years. Fabled Barbary Coast, with its dens and characters, is just a maudlin memory today, and the "Bonanza Kings," who made their fortunes in gold and squandered them on hideous mansions, have joined the ghosts atop Nob Hill.

But still an atmosphere of color and romance persists. Along the teeming waterfront, where there was once so much strife and violence in the financial canyons of Montgomery Street, where grizzled old A. P. Giannini sits and rules the biggest banking empire in the Nation. In the



"The place is a little dirty—I just haven't had a chance to dust or anything this morning"

smart cocktail lounges of Nob Hill, where you'll find the sleeky-dressed daughters and grand-daughters of the ladies who inspired Rudyard Kipling to write that "San Franciso women are of a remarkable beauty." Even along Fisherman's Wharf, where such an ordinary smell as that of fish has taken on an atmosphere.

Thinking it all over, maybe it's just as well that you're coming here, instead of Chillicothe, Ohio. You can go to Chillicothe next year.

Meanwhile, I am taking it upon myself to welcome you, warmly and sincerely, to San Francisco. Oh, one last thing. If anybody tries to sell you the Bay Bridge, don't take it. I had a chance to buy it myself just the other day, but turned it down after a thorough investigation.

Frankly, it will never last.

HOGAN RECONVERTS

(Continued from page 23)

would have come up brooding over their misfortune.

Hogan's capacity in the way of facing uphill odds was never better shown than by the grand bid he made in the tenth Masters at Augusta last April. Trailing Herman Keiser, the pace-setter by five strokes with only 18 holes left, Hogan cut this margin to a single stroke, and only a tricky, downhill approach putt killed his chance for a tie. This last round, although now ancient golf history, exemplifies the stout-hearted Texan.

On two previous occasions, just as he was about to draw level with Keiser, two baffling, tricky approach putts, almost impossible to get close, cost him major chances. But in place of breaking him these unfortunate turns seemed to give him new determination where only almost impossible birdies brought him back into the fight again.

This was about as game a round of golf as I have ever seen, since it was played out against devastating luck that might have broken the heart of an iron ox. But it never broke Hogan's.

Again, in the Colonial at Fort Worth last May, Ben was in a tie for fourth place, three strokes behind Todd, the Dallas pro, when the final 18 holes began. You could figure that of the three men in front of him, which group included Byron Nelson, one at least would shoot a hot final round, and everyone but Ben counted Hogan out of first place. Sure enough, Todd, the leader, burned up the final tour in 69. Hogan was the last man around. He simply broke the course record and Todd's heart with a sizzling 65 that won for him by a one-stroke margin.

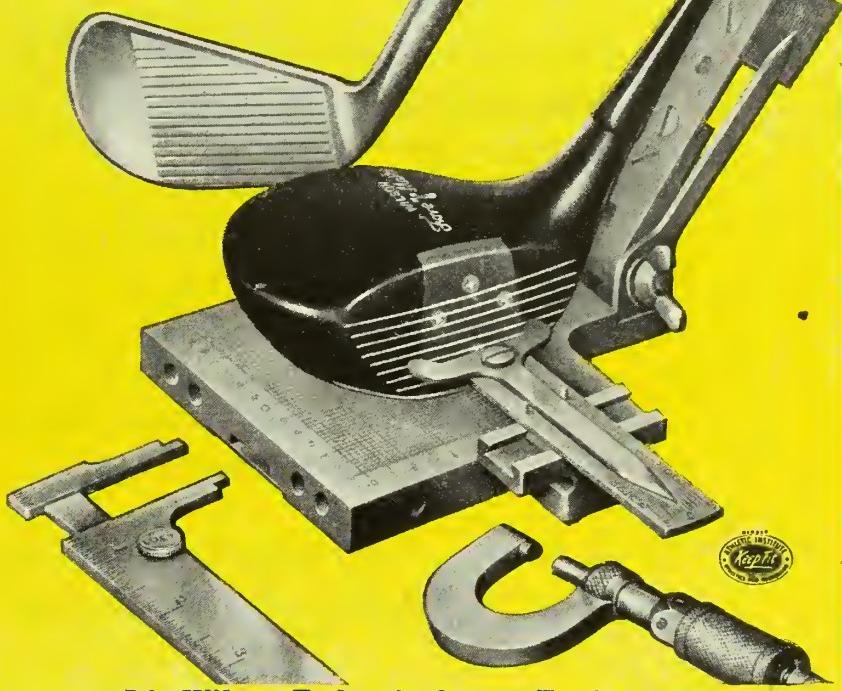
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POLICE JOBS

(Continued from page 25)

men ready to bore through any line to the goal. They applauded enthusiastically their wizard teacher of judo, Stanley Sarbarneck, Chicago detective, veteran of World War I, who one night after classes, broke up a gang that was terrorizing a streetcar loaded with passengers.

The detective was on his way home when the battle broke out. Sarbarneck, on the front platform, heard the commotion, then saw a panicky mass of people struggling for the exits. He bore through the crowd, finding a gang of four in possession of the car, one of them waving a gun.

Without a word, the detective judoed the would-be killer, grabbing the pistol and knocking him out at the same second.

The rest of the gang rushed at him, some with knives. The policeman backed away, toward the now empty front platform, laying his plan of strategy as he retreated. The assaulters had to come one by one. Sarbarneck swiftly grabbed each one in turn, knocked him unconscious, and threw him off the platform into the street.

All over America, cities and states are adding thousands of veterans to their police forces. Sheriffs' offices and small-town police departments are also replenishing their staffs with former fighters. No general totals for cities are yet available, but E. J. Kelly, executive secretary of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., asserts that most police departments are expanding and that veterans of World War II will make possible adequately manned forces of the highest calibre in history.

What about police pay? It varies, of course, with the size of the community. But the over-all average is between \$1900 and \$3700 a year. Beginning salaries in cities of over half a million people now average \$2300, while the average pay for experienced men is \$2700. The similar range of wages for rookies and policemen with three years service or more in cities of 100,000 to 500,000 is \$2097 and \$2400; in cities 50,000 to 100,000, the pay range is \$2080 to \$2281; while the smaller communities of 10,000 to 25,000 population pay from \$1945 to \$2100. Incidentally, the larger the city is, the greater is the number of policemen employed per 1000 population. The 13 cities of more than 500,000 people average 2.23 police per 1000 people, with a per capita expense of \$7.25, while the 600 cities of 10,000 to 25,000 population use 1.05 police for the same number of people, at a cost of \$2.87 per citizen.

New York City rates the highest scale in payment for patrolmen, its top being \$3640. Dearborn, Michigan, is second with \$3335. Los Angeles is third with \$3108. Detroit is next with \$3036, and Yonkers, Newark, and Chicago are tied for fifth place with a \$3000 limit.

Doubling of the nation's police forces does not necessarily mean there will be twice as many men walking beats or making arrest as before. This is because law enforcement, like war, has become a tremendously complicated procedure. Police work today compared to that of a generation ago is as different as an airplane is from an oxcart. The old-time policeman on the routine beat had his club, his gun, and his two fists. He was a fearless, burly fellow, with a kind heart, but with unlimited courage. Alone, he fought many a gang to a standstill. When he needed help, he pounded on the curb with his club, the thud-thud on the pavement usually bringing the cop on the next beat on the run to his aid. But today's policeman would be a superman indeed, if he incarnated all the requirements of law enforcement today.

INSTEAD of drawing a believe-it-or-not picture of this mythical superman, let us present the idea in terms of specific jobs which police officers are now being enlisted and trained to fill. First, of course, come the men of the front police line. More and more they will travel in squads, each with his particular job to do. All will be trained, of course, in marksmanship, handling any weapon from a service revolver and a gas gun to riot weapons and submachine guns.

In the over-all picture, there will be special jobs for photographers. Men trained in handling cameras, also in drawing diagrams of the scenes of crime, will be employed in increasing number.

Jobs as radio operators are increasingly open to veterans, because of the almost universal use of that form of communication in the war on crime. Walkie-talkies have already been introduced in a number of cities and have proved effective in co-ordinating police efforts in raiding gangsters' hideouts. Radios in police cars are



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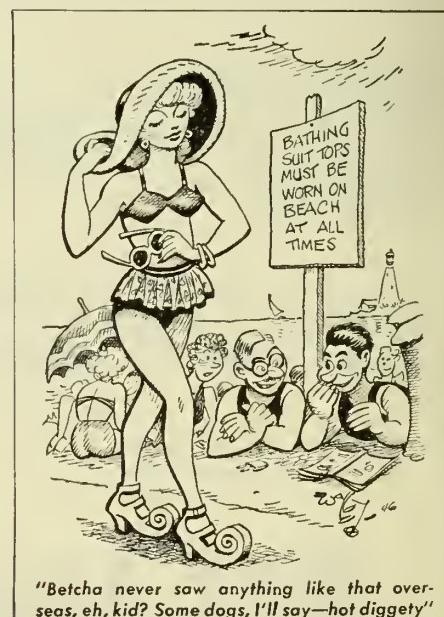
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Describes complete line of models, from light "singles" to thrilling four-cylinder motors. FREE! Address, EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5322 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 9, Wis.

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EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS



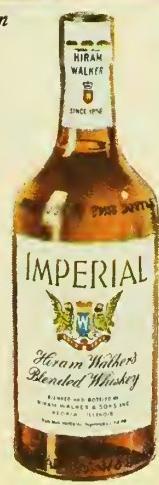
"Betcha never saw anything like that overseas, eh, kid? Some dogs, I'll say—hot diggity!"



"Whiskey Going to the Rackhouse to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Thomas Hart Benton

**88 years at fine whiskey-making
makes this whiskey good**

IMPERIAL
Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.
Hiram Walker's Blended Whisky



86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Blatz Beer



*Good
Taste*

You'll Long
Remember

Blatz has been celebrated for Good Taste for nearly a century. Long after many other pleasures fade, you'll remember the clean, Good Taste of Blatz Beer. It's an experience you should enjoy today.



Blatz has been a favorite for Good Taste since 1851, ten years before Abraham Lincoln became President.



old stuff by now, but in the offing are jobs for experts to transmit photographs by wire or by radio. Television also will be an agency of police departments in cracking down on crooks, according to Frank J. Wilson, Chief of United States Secret Service.

Veteran flyers are likely to find at least limited employment in police work in the near future. Even before World War II, airplanes were usefully employed in tracking down criminals. Air police patrols, for the enforcement of laws not only on the ground, but also in the air, are foreseeable. In fact, aviation police may be as distinctly a department as traffic direction is. Another likely type of air jobs in the police field is helicopter operations.

ALL kinds of scientific jobs are becoming part of modern police activity. The psychologist may win confessions; the lie-detector operator may establish guilt or innocence; the microscope technician is invaluable in determining blood stains, in identifying strands of hair, or analyzing infinitesimal bits of evidence, such as fingernail parings, dust or bits of fabric.

The traffic field is constantly expanding, thereby creating not only more but different jobs. Men are being highly trained not only to direct traffic, but also to analyze it and even to plan traffic ways. The celebrated traffic police training course at the Northwestern University Institute has begun schooling scores of war veterans, and will train scores more in the future, for this special type police work.

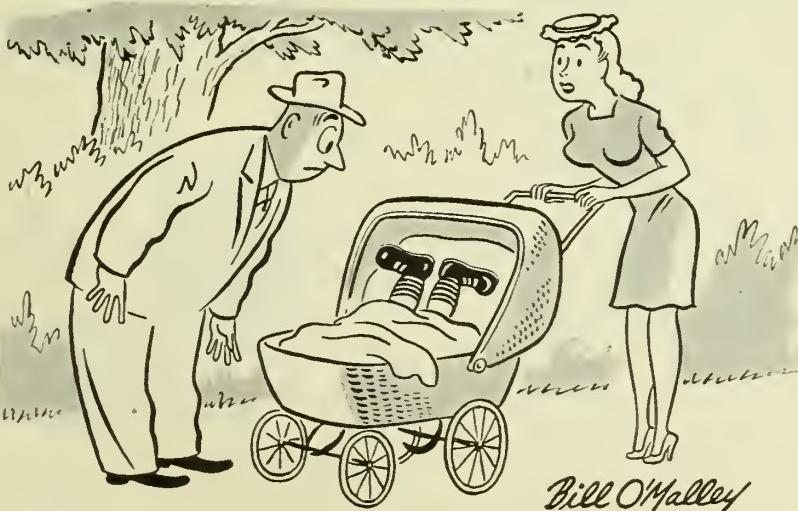
A rapidly growing field of police work which offers jobs to specially qualified veterans is that of juvenile delinquency prevention. J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI, points out with irrefutable evidence that the age of criminals is rapidly lowering, with an appalling number of teen-age toughs committing major crimes. Thus it is that hundreds of police officers are being assigned to this activity alone, helping to

establish boys' clubs, counseling with the wayward, and working with juvenile authorities to keep both boys and girls on the straight path.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is giving re-employment to its own men who went to war and have returned or are returning. Opportunities for new men are relatively few because of the large staff built up during the war for protection against sabotage and espionage. Also, the requirements of the Bureau that its agents be not only law school graduates but also have three years of accounting experience, restrict possible candidates to relatively few. No statistics are available as to possibilities of jobs for veterans by private detective agencies, but in general the field is expanding, and there is real opportunity for undercover men. There are some opportunities for prison guards, but usually these positions are low-paying.

AIID for veterans training for civilian police work is available under federal provision. An illustration of how this works is provided by Winston-Salem, the first city in North Carolina to have a police department approved as a training agency for veterans of World War II. The course, which runs for two years, began early this year, and veterans taking the training as policemen receive supplementary pay from the government.

The picture has its heartening angle. It is true that an upsurge of crime and racketeering seems inevitable after every war, but, on the other hand, never has the public been so conscious of the need for law enforcement, nor has it shown such a willingness to enlist in the battle for it. Likewise, science and ingenuity have developed unparalleled weapons to counteract lawlessness. There is no reason to believe that the criminal army cannot be smashed down just as fascist armies were—also that new criminal armies may be prevented from forming.



"He can't stand people staring at him"



Dolphin reel — 250 yds.
— free spool, star drag.
For surf casting or trolling.
Famous H-I permamesh construction.

Whether you fly fish, bait cast, still fish, troll, surf cast or fish for deep sea lunkers, H-I tackle is "tailored to fit"—designed to meet every requirement of your favorite kind of fishing. You'll have more fishin' fun, more thrills and usually catch more fish, too, when you use H-I tackle . . . "for every fisherman and every kind of fishing."

Write to "OLD HI" of H-I, Dept. H, Utica, N. Y., for the answer to your fishing problems. BUT—please don't ask him for tackle. All H-I production has been allocated until Oct. 1, 1946. See your H-I dealer—he'll do his best to supply you.



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IBBOTSON**
UTICA, N.Y.

Manufacturers of the largest line
of fishing tackle in the world.

Howdy, Buddy, I'M JOHNNY HOMELAND



I want to tell you about HOMELAND made-to- measure CLOTHES...

Who wears 'em? More than a million well dressed Americans have worn Homeland made-to-measure clothes—men in all walks of life; all parts of the country; business men, bankers, governors of States, Congressmen, Senators, high ranking Army and Navy officers—men who appreciate fine clothes and understand good values.

Who makes 'em? Homeland Tailors, Inc. of Baltimore have been in business more than 20 years making fine made-to-measure clothes sold direct to the consumer through men like me. They guarantee satisfaction and they live up to that guarantee.

Who sells 'em? Men like you who have what it takes to go into business for themselves—men who work when and where they please, full time or part time—men whose earnings depend entirely on their own efforts.

While no sample lines are available now, when production permits, we want to give ex-servicemen first chance. Write now for details.

Homeland TAILORS, INC.

Call at one of our branch offices

26 Park Place, New York
5 S. 18th St., Philadelphia
930 F. St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
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Empire Bldg., Washington Blvd. & Clifford St.,
Detroit, Mich.
OR WRITE
2500 to 2512 Ashland Ave.

BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND

NO LOVE ALLOWED (Continued from page 21)

finally managed to say somewhat timidly.

"One thing more," he said. "Don't get the silly idea in your head that dancing partners always fall in love with each other."

Well, that was too much for her. She reared back and declared indignantly: "I wouldn't have you as a gift!" Then she lit her tongue, for fear she'd made him sore and exploded her big chance.

But Jody was pleased. "Good!" he said. "Now you just hold that thought and we'll really go places."

That was in '37. They almost killed themselves rehearsing breaking in on the five-a-day hunger circuit, but by '39 they were one precision dancer with four educated feet. They were class personified—they were terrific—they made the big traveling shows and really went places.

Most of us predicted that, Jody's theories to the contrary, romance would bloom, but we were wrong. Jody was too busy whipping Jane into shape—like he would a race horse; and Jane was too busy obeying her Svengali.

Watch those hips, Jane. Better cut out desserts for a week or two. . . . What kind of a bra are you wearing? You need more—more lift. . . . And stop using that fire engine nail polish!"

One night it was after two when she got in her room at the hotel and Jody found out.

"What's the big idea, he asked.

"I was out with the emcee," she said, "and it's none of your business."

"It is my business," he said. "A tired dancer is a lousy dancer. Don't do it again!"

She didn't do it again!

BUT all the time this practical business was going on, a more sinister set of habits was developing.

Every morning at eleven, Jody called her room. "When do we eat, kid?"

"Meet you in the coffeeshop in ten minutes."

As they had breakfast together, she read her mail and he buried his nose in the morning paper. Scarcely a word ever passed between them, but do you suppose they would ever think of having breakfast alone? Never!

After the first matinee on week stands, Jane always knocked on his dressing room door.

"Give me your laundry, Jody."

He handed out the bundle. "Jane, please tell them not to starch my gray shirt. The last time it felt like they'd washed it in concrete."

"Any holes in your sox?"

"Yeh. A couple, I guess."

"Oh, Jody, there wouldn't be if you'd cut your toenails more often."

Do you get it? That went on for weeks

and months and years. Why, Hell's bells They were married and didn't know it!

EVEN on the day he left for overseas nothing happened

"Now," he said, "you're all set to join Ted Amber's band, aren't you?"

"Yes. Next week."

"Ted's got a solid outfit and you'll click with him. But if you don't, let me know and I'll pull some strings out on the West Coast."

"Okay."

"Well, so long."

And then he shook hands with her!

"So long," she said.

And then, as he was boarding the train, she waved and shouted: "Good luck—darling!"

So help me, it didn't soak into Jody's thick head that she'd called him 'darling' until one night when we were about to make a run over Bremen with the flak thicker than ice cubes in a hail storm.

"Hey!" he called to me over the noise. "She called me 'darling'!"

On the flight home, he told me a lot of things, but most important of all he said, "Bob, I love her—I love her—and if I ever get out of this mess, I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"Aw," I kidded him, "you'll never marry her. You'll take out corporation papers."

The gag was a dud.

"Do you think it's too late?" he asked.

"Why should it be?"

"Well, she's a headliner single, now. And Ted Amber has been pretty nice to her. Do you think maybe she and Ted—"

SO THAT'S how I came to be a go-between. I got my discharge thirty days before Jody and I was supposed to find out which way the wind blew.



And so far, it was coming strictly from the north pole.

Jane and I were on our second cup of coffee, when she asked: "Did Jody get the picture I sent him? He never said."

"Yes," I said. "He got it."

What a picture! It had been a glamour shot, right out of Hollywood.

"That picture almost caused a riot in our outfit," I said. "The whole squadron fell in love with you."

"So he showed it around."

"Better than that," I said. "He tacked it up outside our barracks door and all of our flight always kissed you before we went on a mission."

Her head jerked up and her lips compressed into two thin lines.

"Oh," she exploded, "so I was the sweetheart of the whole damned Air Corps!"

There was a sob in her voice and mist in her eyes. Just like that, she told me everything I wanted to know. That was the sweetest cuss word I ever heard come from a human's lips. Did she love Jody? Good gravy! She was carrying a torch as big as the Chicago fire!

BUT before I could get words out of my mouth, the P. A. system was barking that the east-bound plane had made up time and was taxiing in. Jane lurched out of her seat, dabbing at her eyes, and started for the door. I followed, frantically mulling over what to say. I had to get out a few well chosen words—and quick! The way they greeted each other when he got off that plane would probably settle things between them for the rest of their lives.

"Jane," I said as we reached the door.

The plane's passengers were already debarking. Good Lord! There was Jody, coming down the steps!

Jane grabbed my arm, as if to steady herself.

"Jane," I pleaded, "listen to me."

"Yes?"

"Once, when Jody and I were coming back from a mission over Germany, he said—"

"Please, Bob," she said, "this is no time for reminiscing. There's Jody."

She tried to pull away, but I held her.

"Listen to me," I begged. "When we got back from that raid Jody took down your picture, and wrote in the place where it had been: SORRY, FELLOWS, BUT I LOVE THE GIRL!"

All of the starch seemed to wash out of Jane's taut body. Her eyes lighted up like diamonds drenched with dew.

A second later she dashed across the ramp and flew into Jody's outstretched arms.

"Oh, Jody—darling—darling—" she cried, until Jody managed to get her lips far more pleasantly occupied.

I leaned against a baggage truck and mopped my face and neck with a handkerchief.

Whew!

TWA uses

CHAMPION

The Dependable Spark Plug



When TWA, "Trans World Airline," selects spark plugs, you can be certain that it is exercising expert judgment backed by experience. This outstanding air line uses dependable Champion Spark Plugs for the great majority of its domestic and international planes including the famous TWA Constellations. Here once again is conclusive proof that Champions are the choice of experts and make every engine—on land, water, or in the air—a better performing, more dependable engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS DEMAND CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR



NO CLOSED SEASON for the Man with a WINCHESTER

Now, before the season opens, get in some practice shooting at your local trap or skeet club. If you're not near a club, get a crowd together with a Western Practice Trap, a couple of cartons of Western White Flyer Targets and Winchester shotshells.



Light, inexpensive, the Western Practice Trap loads and trips easily. Adjusts to various angles and elevations. Can be locked to throw targets at uniform speed, angle and elevation.

Use Winchester Ranger loads for practicing upland game shots—Winchester Super Speed loads for practice on high-flying duck shots.

* * *

THE BEST GUN TO USE

— is a Winchester Model 12 Hammerless Repeating Shotgun. You'll like its quick, easy sighting, its fast, smooth slide action. The Model 12 is also available in trap and skeet models. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



WINCHESTER



RIFLES • CARTRIDGES • SHOTGUNS • SHOTSHHELLS
FLASHLIGHTS • BATTERIES • ROLLER SKATES

SKEET IS BACK IN CIVVIES

(Continued from page 16)

surprise at all. And right about where our ball should have landed in the rough, out clattered a hen pheasant. We swung up our niblick gun fashion, aiming along the shaft at the departing bird, when suddenly a nearby voice drawled, "Hey neighbor, where'd you learn to do that?"

Up to that moment we hadn't noticed there was another guy in the same patch of rough with us. He turned out to be another shooter. Worse than that, he turned out to be an executive of a gun manufacturing company. These sporting arms representatives are always snooping about looking for new suckers, it seems. So we started talking—about shooting.

The man from the gun firm wanted to know had we ever shot skeet. We hadn't. He had been asked, said he, to visit a skeet shooting club down at Kensico Lake the following Sunday afternoon and would we like to come along? Sure, we would—and did.

We broke seventeen out of twenty-five targets on that first round of skeet, using a little twenty-gauge Francotte double gun—which score was at that time supposed to be pretty good for a beginner. The trouble is we didn't do much better than that for the next six months, shooting regularly each weekend. In the meantime our friend of the golf course sold us a new gun—and of course we shot his brand of skeet loads, too.

We shot skeet each weekend for the better part of a year and finally ran twenty-five straight. At that early day this feat was supposed to be really hot stuff, a great achievement. Skeet headquarters in Boston registered your first straight and (for twenty-five cents) also sent you a gilded pewter button which you could wear in your shooting jacket lapel so that everybody of lesser importance could see how

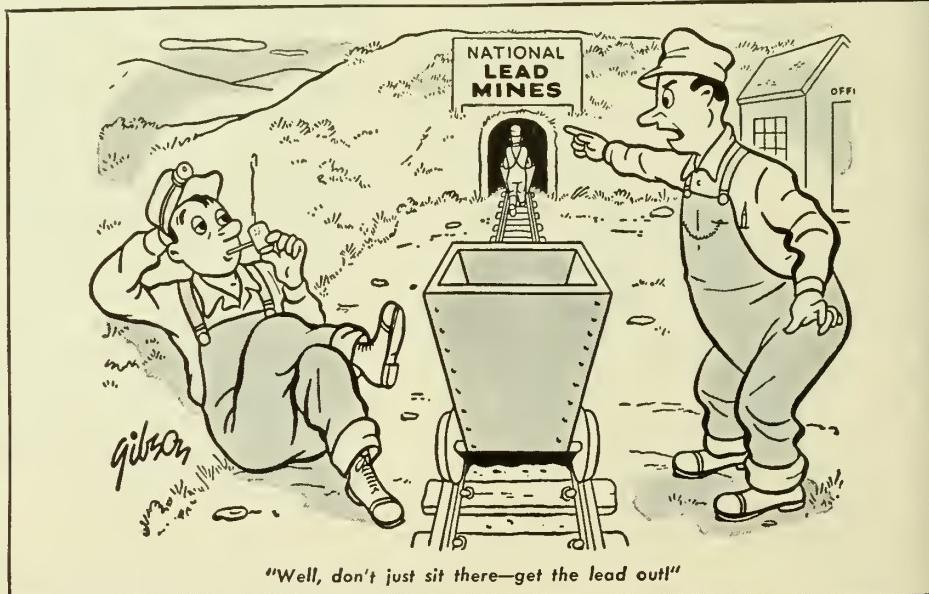
big and tough you were. Strangely enough, it didn't seem to deflate our ego in the least to find that our twenty-five straight registration number was somewhere above the eight hundred level. That is how the skeet virus works. About this time the gun manufacturer sold us another gun.

TWENTY years of skeet shooting, as we look back on it now, is quite a stretch—barring the war years, of course, during which we shot but seldom.

We early skeet shooters were nearly all exhibitionists and usually the better we were the worse we were afflicted. We remember the time Frank Traeger of New Jersey made a wild bet that he could shoot two thousand skeet targets in a day—and b'gosh he did it. Not only that, he fired his two thousand shots from a 12-gauge gun and that's four full cases of standard-loaded shells, son, and no joke. Traeger's scoring on that freakish occasion started off in the high 90s, then when fatigue overtook him it began dropping a bit. My recollection is that his average was somewhere around 93 to 94 percent—which was amazingly good.

Traeger shot so fast he had to have his "handlers" cool alternate guns on chunks of ice. Near the end of the day his "handlers" even had to load for him and at the finale he was so punch-drunk he had to be practically led from the field. Traeger apparently got his exhibitionism out of his system all in one dose, for he went on to become a solid stake horse on the famous championship Orseland, N. J., five-man skeet team which at one time or another won every important skeet team match in the country—and a finer gentleman and sportsman than Frank Traeger has never graced any skeet field anywhere.

There was much horseplay in the old



"Well, don't just sit there—get the lead out!"

days of skeet. At that time, when we were a lot less serious-minded about skeet as well as a number of other things, such horseplay was considered just one of the delightful and to-be-expected informalities of this new clay-target game.

As for instance when one of our more affluent skeet club members returned from a grouse shooting foray in Scotland one autumn and brought back with him several of those so-called "steel inanimate birds" which only a Britisher would think up, same being a steel replica of our American clay target. You can imagine what happened when a newcomer would visit our club—especially one who had shot a bit of skeet and considered he "knew a thing or two." Interspersed in his string of twenty-five targets he'd get one or two of these steel "ducks" painted in exact duplicate of our American clay target—and would that stop him! We have seen these steel targets hit so hard they would practically stop and shiver before continuing in flight—yet no piece would be broken off and the referee (who of course was in on the gag) would monotonously call "lost."

ONE of the oddest things we ever saw happen on a skeet field was to see a skeet shooter in an important national match kill a flying dove instead of the target he was supposed to hit. This happened at Indianapolis in the national championship matches in 1941. The shooter, Dick Steinhoff of Detroit, called for his lo-trap target from Station Three, and just then a mourning dove came winging through. The shot pattern caught the dove but missed the clay target. The referee called "interference" and gave the gunner another target, but Steinhoff by this time was so upset (doves were out of season at the moment) that he missed his target.

Are skeet shooters all a bit screwball? Well, could be. We once saw a goodlooking gal go into maudlin hysteria merely watching a tie shoot-off in a national championship match.

But speaking of skeet shooters being really screwball, here's an example out of the past: in the early days it wasn't uncommon (at least not in the East) for a local skeet club to install what was known as a "bending-post." The purpose of such was to give the shooter a convenient object against which to smash his gun if he failed to shoot up to his accustomed par. The psychological angle was, of course, that the poor shooting was never his fault. Nor was it due to hangover from prohibition apple jack. It was entirely the fault of Messrs. Remington, Winchester, or somebody else in the gunmaking industry who had furnished him with a self-warping gun barrel. We knew two nitwits who actually did smash their gun barrels over one of these "bending-posts."

Zany or not, it's good to get civilian skeet shooting back again—it's been a long time since 1941!



Loves his exercise but what a beating his poor hair takes from the wind and broiling sun. His hair always looks wild as pampas grass. And combing it with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Kreml is famous to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neat as a pin all day.



Famous to groom Dry, Wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR

Makes it easier to comb—keeps it so handsome looking



MAKES GRUESOME MISTAKE:

He realized his tousled, wind-tossed hair looked 'a mess' so he foolishly plastered it down with greasy goo. Girls laughed in his face. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome—never greasy, oily or sticky.



THEN GETS SENSE:

What a difference Kreml makes in his hair! And how gals go for men with attractive, Kreml-groomed hair. Kreml makes hair so much easier to comb. Makes it stay in place looking so neat even on a scorching, windy summer's day. Try Kreml today!

- Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.



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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



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OR FURN



***Neck Zone**

***NECK ZONE**... wonderful tailoring feature that insures smooth fit, trim hang, perfect comfort... EXCLUSIVE with STYLE-MART clothes.



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NEW YORK OFFICE • 200 FIFTH AVENUE

TAKE TWO AND HIT TO RIGHT

(Continued from page 13)

taken so much time getting to first."

That left only one man on with two out. And the next batter's long fly was wasted where it would have brought in the tying run. That left the Sox still behind, 4 to 3. They stayed that way. When it was over, I took Nan to the club's office. Augie came in, steaming, but when he saw Nan he knocked off the gloomy look.

"Hello, Augie," she said. "That was a tough one to lose."

"You saw it?"

"From the fifth on. Danny lost it for us. I—I guess he needs some special handling."

Augie looked out the window a minute. "Now that you've brought that subject up," he said, "something definite has got to be done about the club's ownership. I've got an important deal on the fire."

"You can tell me about it then," she said. "I'm going to keep the club, Augie."

Augie looked at her and took a deep breath.

"I want to trade Nolan, Nan," he said. "But he's such a natural," she said.

"He costs us more ball games than he breaks up," Augie said, firmly. "And the Grays have made a mighty good proposition that includes a top-flight southpaw."

Nan's glance at me was an appeal for help. She said, "The stadium crowd wouldn't stand for it, Augie."

He shrugged. "Bigger favorites than Nolan have been traded to strengthen a team. When we hit a win streak, the fans will forgive."

Nan said, thoughtfully, "I wonder what Danny would do, sold down the river to a tail-end team?"

"I'm thinking of the Sox," Augie answered.

Nan colored at that. "I'll make a bar-

gain with you," she said, earnestly. "I'll talk to Nolan. And if he gets out of line again, then—I'll trade him."

"Okay," Augie said. "But I don't think you'll find any change in him."

She asked me to bring Nolan to her apartment that evening. She wanted me to give him a Dutch Uncle treatment and back her up.

IN HIS tailored suit, Nolan looked more like a movie actor than a ballplayer. When Nan walked into the room, he looked her over and gave off with the low whistle. Then he went over and kissed her, but lightly.

"I kept reading about you in the sports pages, Danny," she said. "You do get a wonderful press."

"With my batting average, why not?"

"What amazes me," she said, "is that you get it despite all the hits you don't run out, the signals you cross, the training rules you break—"

"Ah," he said, "so you've been buttonholed by Mr. Longface Malone, the do-or-die specialist."

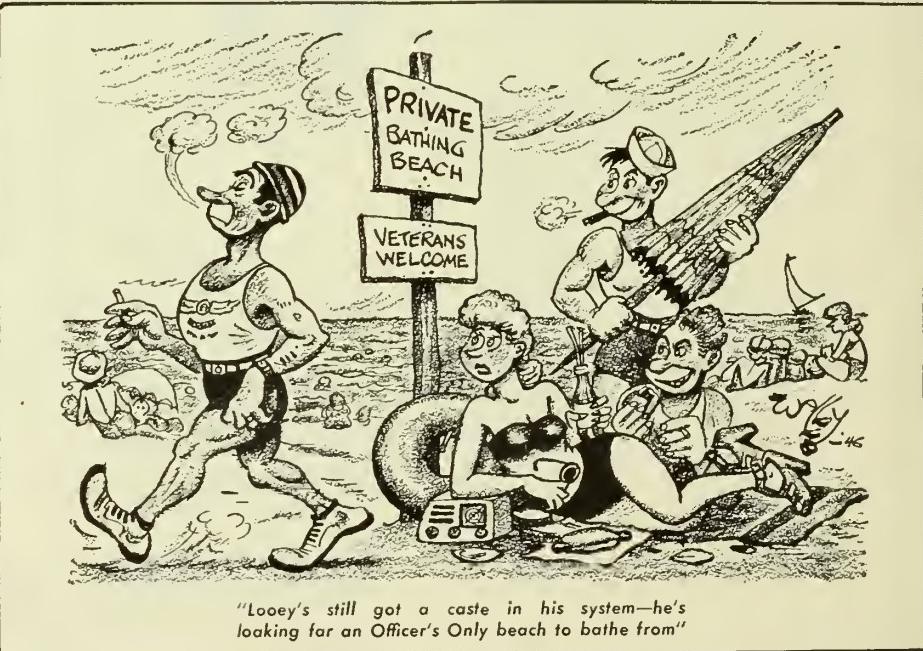
"I gave her that dope, Danny," I said.

"You've given Augie plenty of reason to be fed up," Nan said. And then she started telling him about the Grays' offer. When it finally dawned on Nolan that they were actually weighing the deal, he scowled. "He can't do that to me," he said. "Why the stadium crowd wouldn't let him get away with it."

"If it happens," she warned him, "I'll be the one who'll do it."

"You couldn't because you're too wonderful," he said. "Let's go somewhere and dance a while."

"Danny . . ."



They went somewhere and danced. She was not putty in his hands but she was getting that way. I had a feeling Nolan didn't take the thing seriously. He simply couldn't believe that any team—or girl—would let him go.

A couple weeks later, when I got back from a swing through the southern circuits, I went up to Nan's apartment to tell her about a couple diamonds-in-the-rough I wanted to recommend.

It was late when I got there and we talked quite a while. It was almost one a.m. when the telephone rang and I heard her say, "Yes Augie." I knew something important was up—because Augie doesn't call girls at that hour to find out if they are thinking about him.

She asked, "Where—where did you say he was?" Then as soon as she put the telephone down, she turned to me. "Hurry, Matt."

In the cab she explained. Nolan hadn't returned to the hotel yet though Augie had given strict orders to the team on an early curfew during this crucial Yank series. He'd been waiting in the lobby, when a newspaperman came in and told him Nolan was at a nightclub, having quite a gay time of it.

"Matt," she said, "I want to get Nolan out of there before Augie catches him. Because—well—we need Nolan in that Yank series."

When we reached the nightclub, we found Nolan at the bar. He'd had quite a few drinks; his eyes and the bottle before him showed that. I tapped him on the shoulder and he turned around. When he saw Nan, his face sobered fast.

He stood up and followed us to the foyer. But out there, I suddenly wished the floor would come up and swallow all three of us—because there stood Augie.

He just looked at Nolan and said, "You're suspended indefinitely, Nolan."

"Nuts . . ." Nolan began.

Augie took Nan by the arm and said to me, "Take him back to the hotel with you, will you Matty?" I nodded and then Nolan and I stood there watching him go out the door with Nan.

THE first time Nolan played in the stadium in a Grays' uniform, the crowd cheered him. He was still their fair-haired boy and they'd taken the news of his trade the hard way. Augie was booed.

But as the season headed toward the finish, Nolan's batting average kept going down. His fielding, never too brilliant, became sloppy. Being with a tail-end club seemed to take the sparkle out of him. Watching him one afternoon in the stadium, I could see why the sportswriters were already taking off their hats to Augie.

That afternoon, the kid took a real beating—the kind he'd never known before. He struck out the first two times up and after he hit into a double play the third time, the crowd—his crowd—began to jeer him.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



" . . . SHAME FOR TOM to neglect his hair that way. Dry Scalp is the trouble. Makes his hair look messy, and it's almost impossible to keep it combed. H-m-m, loose dandruff on his shoulder, too. Hanged if I don't tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp



IT WAS GOOD ADVICE FOR TOM . . . it's just as good for you. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and telltale dandruff scales disappear. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care--both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

In the eighth, Nolan started toward the plate with the bases loaded. But he never reached there—he was called back for a pinch-hitter. I saw him turn and throw his bat hard against the side of the grandstand. The crowd screamed at him.

The following spring the Grays asked waivers and the A's picked him up. But he failed to come back with the A's who released him to Toledo.

Around the middle of the summer I was leaving for a quick jump around the mid-west circuits when Nan came to me.

"I'm going with you, Matt," she said. "I want to see how an ivory hunter hunts."

"Uhhuh," I said. "Did you know that I'm stopping off at Toledo this trip?"

She smiled. "Yes. I—I want to see Danny. He hasn't written me a letter in months."

But he wasn't in sight in that Toledo ballpark. I asked a coach about him. He said. "We let him out a month ago. He was a licked boy, no hustle, nothing."

I told her I'd track Nolan down in time—but I had to forget about it just then. Because I got a telegram from Augie that said: "Investigate shortstop Haines of Danforth in Cherry Valley league. Yanks after him."

Nan and I hopped to Danforth, a small town in a class C league. We found seats in the rickety grandstand and I started to look over this shortstop named Haines. In three innings I knew somebody had given Augie a very bum steer indeed.

"Augie's mixed up," I said. "Haines has a glass arm and he swings with one foot in the bucket."

Nan nodded.

DANFORTH was behind, 7 to 6. They had a man on second with one out. The Danforth pitcher was due to bat but instead, out came a guy swing three bats.

Nan pinched my arm. "Matty! It's Danny!"

He'd bounded out of the dugout, not strolled. Now he stepped into the batter's box with swift, catlike steps. A plane roared overhead, but Nolan kept his eyes grimly on that pitcher.

The first ball cut the plate, waist-high—a pitch that had always been just a serving of apple pie to Nolan. He didn't go after it, so I knew the hit-and-run must be on. The second one came in there, too. He looked at it. The third was the one.

He reached out and belted it into right field. The hit-and-run had really been on because the runner from second had rounded third and was streaking for home by the time the ball hit the outfield turf. He scored. But Nolan wasn't done.

As he rounded first, he saw the right-fielder was moving slowly. So he put his head down and dug for second without slackening speed. Really on the ball. He went into the bag head first and beat the throw in a romp.

Nan was on her feet, yelling with the

Crowd. "I wish Augie could have seen Nolan on *that* one," she said.

Something dawned on me. I stared at the shortstop and I knew, all at once, that Augie had never sent me to Danforth with Nan to see Haines. He'd had the tip on Nolan—he never lost track of a ballplayer he'd invested in. I turned to the guy on my left.

"This Nolan," I said, "Why wasn't he in the starting lineup?"

The guy grinned. "He stole home yesterday and got banged up a little doing it."

"Let's go, Nan," I said. "I guess we've seen all of this ball game we need to, haven't we?"

We waited in the lobby of the hotel for an hour before Nolan finally showed up. I began to wonder if he'd missed the message. But then he came in, looked around and started to grin that old cocky grin when he saw us. I held out my hand and said, "How's it, kid?" and Nan said, "Nice game, Danny."

"I got sick of going down," he said. "I decided I liked it better up there."

"You'll be back, Danny," she said.

"You ain't just kiddin'," Danny told her.

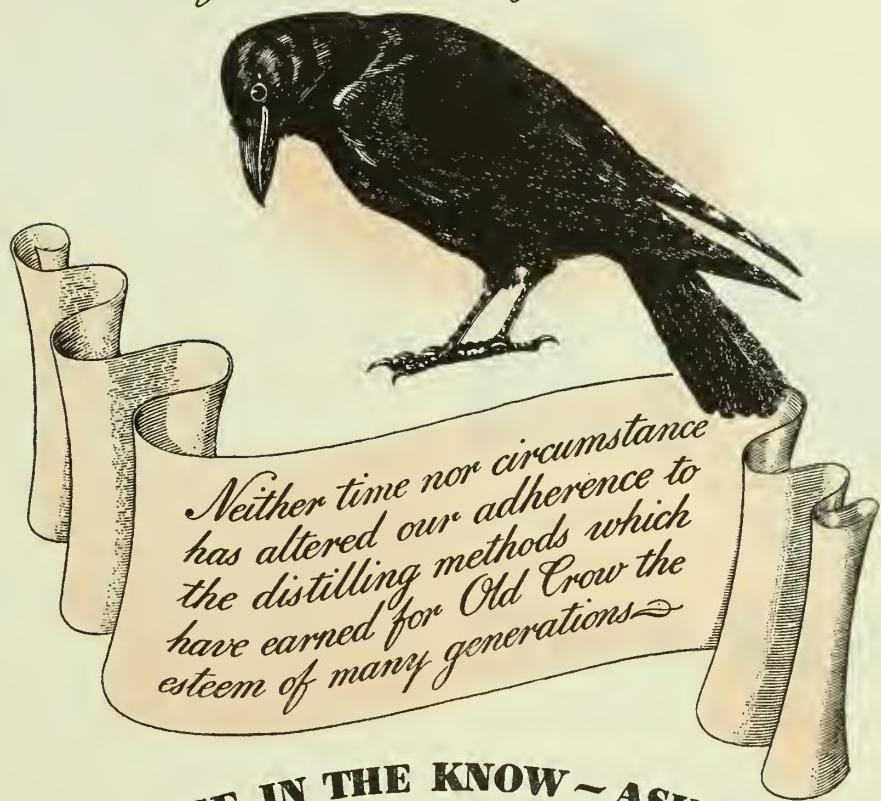
I reached inside my pocket for a blank contract because I like to sign up these young free agents in a rush. You never know when a Yankee scout is ready to pounce. But when I got the contract out, I didn't flash it on him.

Because they both had forgotten I was around. They just kept looking into each other's eyes. Finally I went out and left them sitting on a lounge there. The contract could wait a while. After all, that Nolan had a look on his face that was positively sacred to behold, like a grand slam homer in Brooklyn. And Nan was in there pitching herself.



A TRULY GREAT NAME

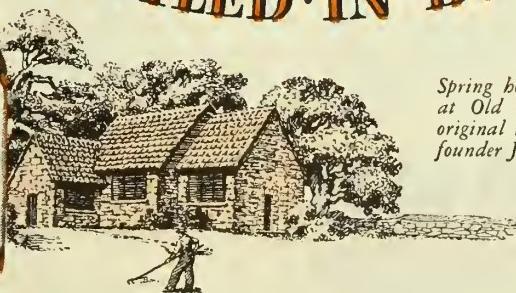
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HASH AND SALAD FOREVER

(Continued from page 19)

Citation "for meritorious achievement in clearing a path through a barricade of suitcases stacked on the platform so that six passengers got off at Poughkeepsie without breaking their necks."

HERE'S how the plan would work in actual practice: Joe Bemis, a truck pilot, who's seen active service with The Reliable Storage & Trucking Company, has been separated at the end of his enlistment period, and is now applying for a new stretch with a different outfit. Reliable, a progressive firm, has long since adopted the army merit system—a fact which is quickly apparent from a glance at Joe Bemis' trucker's jacket as he enters the office of Mr. Pearly and snaps to attention.

JOE—Sir, the receptionist directed me to report to the Personnel Manager. Bemis is the name, sir. Joe Bemis.

MR. PEARLY—At ease. Bemis . . . Oh, so you're the man in answer to our ad for an experienced truck driver?

JOE—That's right, sir.

MR. PEARLY—Well, well, my boy; that's quite a chest-load of gongs. And your shoulder patch? PTO, isn't it?

JOE—Yes, sir. Passaic Theater of Operations. Fleet Arm. Mostly 10-ton GMC's and big stuff like that. I enlisted in 1916 as a grease monkey and worked up to pilot. Been herding crates ever since.

MR. PEARLY—Yes, I can see the interlocking bumpers on your collar ornaments . . . I note from your right sleeve chevrons that you were wounded prior to 1941. Anything serious?

JOE—It wasn't much, sir. It was during Operation Roadhog in 1928.

I was making the night run over

the hump from Paterson to Bridgeport. Had such a heavy load of Rexall products I could hardly take off. It was an old crate. We called her *Clara Bow*. Held together with baling wire and string. My co-pilot was a right guy named Haggerty. Had about 100,000 hours in the cab to his credit. Suddenly, leaving Passaic, he spots two dames cruising along at 3 o'clock. I bent the throttle just in time to avoid them. Then we ran into a pea soup fog outside Jersey City. I was driving blind. Over the Pulaski Skyway we started to ice up bad. I give it to grandma and cut to about 2000 rpm. Must have missed the beam. Anyway, first thing I know we'd plowed into the rear of a Feigenspan beer truck. I cut the ignition and bailed out. Haggerty got the full brunt of a case of sticky cough syrup and a couple gross of tooth powder.

MR. PEARLY—Hmm . . . And the wound stripe?

JOE—The driver of the beer truck socked me in the jaw, but I blew my top and he got a ribbon for what I done to him. I was confined to barracks until the trial, but I was finally cleared and got a cluster on this here ribbon from the skipper and was upped a grade.

MR. PEARLY—What's the blue and red ribbon, Bemis?

JOE (*dropping his eyes and blushing*)—Aw, I don't like to say nothing. Anyone would have done the same thing; but, since you insist, sir, it was like this: I had an assignment to get a load of nylons through to Boston. In the briefing room on N-Day, minus 2, the boss says, "Joe, there's not much of the old outfit left. I've picked you for this job because I know



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you'll come through okay. Destination, Filene's Department Store; time, Tuesday at 0830. You'll pick up your convoy at Worcester at 0700. Watch out for enemy action after dark through New London. Hijackers would love to knock you off. You'd better cruise at 40. Don't stop even for hamburger and coffee, and don't get gear happy through South Norwalk. If you make good I'll have Mr. Edwards—he's Chairman of the Board of Reliable—give you the Corporation Citation and you'll get a three-day pass to Jersey City."

"Wilco," I says.

"Roger," says he.

Well, I was on the target at 0824 and was just backing in when a patrol of SS waiting in ambush spotted my crate. These Savage Shoppers infiltrated the lines and started sniping at me from close range. I held them off at wrench point until the nylons were secure. Then I drew a blank. I came to under the loading platform, dragged myself to a phone and managed to blurt out "Mission completed at 0829 . . . Over."

MR. PEARLY—Good for you, Bemis. It's a wonder to me you weren't recommended for ECS.

JOE—I was, sir; but Executive Candidate School is not for me. The way I figure it this chevron and a couple of spoons is good enough. I don't want any part of a brass hat job sitting on my fanny in an office the rest of my life. I like the feel of that old wind and rain in my face. Another thing, I couldn't mingle with my buddies.

MR. PEARLY—I think I understand, Bemis . . . Now, tell me about that good conduct clasp. I see you have two knots.

JOE—Yes, sir. The first one I got because I didn't run over a pedestrian for three years, and the second was for not swearing at taxi drivers.

MR. PEARLY—And what's that green and yellow ribbon—the fourth from the left, top row, next to the Interstate Commerce Citation?

JOE—Oh, that's the Truck Pilot's Medal. Got it for letting a Buick sedan pass me on route 101, between Salinas and Gilroy last winter when I was rushing a load of two-way stretch girdles from L.A. to I. Magnin's in San Francisco to help reinforce the north coastal bulges.

MR. PEARLY—When could you sign up with our outfit, Bemis?

JOE—My hitch is up Thursday at 1800 hours. I'll reenlist Friday if I can retain my present rank and pay, sir.

MR. PEARLY—Excellent! I'll have you sworn in promptly at 0900. The enlistment period is for three years. You can take your physical, get your first hook and pick up your uniform and crash tag at 0830. I'll speak to Hinkley and see if he can't assign you to the Skidding 69th. It's the finest outfit that ever smashed a loading platform.

JOE—Roger.



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FRINGE OF THE IRON CURTAIN

(Continued from page 15)

branded as a "collaborator". This method has been used to speed up nationalization in Yugoslavia and elsewhere.

The fate of Poland, the first country which took up arms against Hitler, has been the great moral tragedy of the war. Poland is the country where the war began. Poland is the country where the ideals that were supposed to govern the making of the peace have been conspicuously betrayed.

Poland was invaded in September, 1939, first by the Germans, then by the Russians, in accordance with a pre-arranged scheme of partition. Witness the following quote by Foreign Minister Molotov to the Soviet Parliament on October 31, 1939:

"One swift blow to Poland, first by the German Army and then by the Red Army, and nothing was left of this ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty."

Soviet rule in Eastern Poland, like German rule in Western Poland, was harsh and brutal in the extreme and was accompanied by the deportation of great numbers of people (1,500,000, according to a Polish diplomatic note) to forced labor in the Soviet Union under conditions so bad that large numbers died. After Hitler's attack on Russia in June, 1941, the Polish government-in-exile, which had been continuing the struggle against Germany both by creating Polish land, air and naval units in the West and by maintaining a powerful underground movement in Poland, concluded an alliance with the Soviet Union. The Soviet Government attached its signature to the statement that "the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland have lost their validity."

BUT this show of friendship proved to be only a temporary maneuver. As soon as the tide of war turned in Russia's favor the Soviet attitude toward the legitimate and representative Polish Government became increasingly hostile. Diplomatic relations were broken off in the spring of 1943. When the Red Army moved into Poland in 1944 a puppet government was set up, dominated by Polish Communists. The nationalist underground forces were decimated in the heroic Warsaw uprising of August-September, 1944, an uprising that was first encouraged and then sabotaged by Moscow. Other nationalist forces were imprisoned by the Russians.

The Yalta Agreement of the Big Three in February, 1945, worked out in practice as acquiescence in the complete subjugation of Poland. About 40 percent of Poland's pre-war territory was handed over to the Soviet Union without any free plebiscite. A so-called Government of National Unity was set up, with an overwhelming predominance of Soviet nominees

and two or three Poles from the government in London as a kind of democratic window-dressing.

Conditions in Poland today are desperately bad. Starvation is prevalent. Warsaw, the former capital, was completely destroyed during the 1944 uprising. At least a million Poles, soldiers and civilians, are stranded in Western Europe, afraid to return to a country where death or slavery may await them.

Physical conditions are probably still worse in devastated Yugoslavia, where UNRRA aid has offset mass starvation while Dictator Tito keeps up an army out of all proportion to Yugoslavia's needs, and threatens to take Trieste by violence.

Anti-Communist forces which unquestionably still exist in Eastern Europe (there is considerable guerrilla activity against the Soviet puppet regime in Poland) can derive little hope or encouragement from the forcible-feeble methods of Washington and London. The Soviet Government is able to threaten Greece and Turkey with the armies which it keeps in its satellite states, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It can thus hold a Sword of Damocles over the British lifeline in the eastern Mediterranean.

After an early period of extremely brutal excesses in Berlin, Vienna, Danzig and other captured cities the Soviet authorities are purposefully trying to cajole and coerce the Germans in their zone to accept a confused Communist-Social Democratic regime (with the Communists, of course, holding all key positions) which, as they hope, may be extended to all Germany. The strong Communist parties in France and Italy, well financed from Moscow, are counted to block the creation of any West European combination of powers which would offset the Soviet Eastern bloc.

Substantial Soviet political domination of the European continent is not a scare-head fantasy, but a serious political possibility of the near future.

Such a development would place both America and Great Britain in the uncomfortable situation they would have faced if Hitler had succeeded in conquering Europe and adjoining parts of Asia and Africa. This prospect may still be averted, for many Soviet gains have been results of Anglo-American weakness, rather than of positive Soviet strength.

But it can only be averted if two conditions are realized. Appeasement of Moscow must cease. And the peoples outside the Soviet sphere of control, regardless of which side they fought on during the war, must be shown that democracy can give them more satisfactory living standards than communism or any other kind of totalitarianism. There is the challenge to American and British statesmanship and capacity for world leadership.

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WE EXPECTED YOU AT DAKAR

(Continued from page 27)

before my plane took off from Gibraltar, one hard-faced Englishman patted me on the shoulder: "Good luck, old man. We'll be thinking of you." I thought I detected a rather funereal tone in his voice.

In Casablanca the Consulate was slightly bewildered by its new member. Only a few of our top diplomats knew what Colonel Donovan's men were doing. The regular consular staffs were continually irritated by their young and inexplicable assistants, who apparently had little interest in regular consular duties, and had a most unconsular way of talking to dock foremen, fishermen, and other odd characters toward whom representatives of the State Department should take a properly aloof attitude. We also had a hard time concealing from some of our inquisitive colleagues the radio transmitters with which we sent intelligence reports to our naval attache at Tangier.

With the *Croix de Guerre*—which I had received while with the American Field Service—in my buttonhole, and my fortunate command of French, I found it easy to make friends and dig up valuable information, but I was getting no closer to General Auer.

Then, one evening, Coster's second Curious Coincidence came to pass. Another "Vice Consul" and I were sitting in a disreputable waterfront cafe, where we used to go to listen for information on the movements of French ships. Two young men passed our table. "Walter!" exclaimed my G-2 companion. The newcomers stopped. "Meet a friend of mine—Donald Coster. He's in the Consulate, too." The young men sat down. They were Austrians,



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they said, who had been in France when the Germans invaded. They had joined the Foreign Legion, been interned in a Viehyite concentration camp, and had managed to escape to Casablanca. "When suddenly, one day"—Walter was telling the story—"who should I see on the street but Teddy Auer. You know . . . the General who runs the German Armistice Commission. I knew him in Paris before the war. Well," Walter concluded blithely, "we made a deal with him. We supply him with information, and he keeps us out of jail. We're both violently anti-Nazi, of course, and we wish you people would invade." Walter paused significantly.

My mind started turning over—fast. Either Walter and his companion had been set on my trail by Auer himself, and this was a trap; or it was a heaven-sent opportunity to get at the General through the two Austrians with the information I wanted to plant. I was still thinking, hard, when the Austrian whose name I had missed turned to me. "So you arrived recently from London," he sighed. "I have a most wonderful girl there. If only I could get back . . ." I had pulled out my wallet to pay the check. Suddenly the Austrian almost jumped across the table at me. "What have you got there?" he yelled, pointing at an envelope which the open wallet had exposed. "It's her handwriting!" It was a letter I had received from the girl in London, and the handwriting was large and distinctive. This, of course, was Freddy, the man she had asked me to find.

A definite scheme began taking shape in my mind as I lay in bed that night. I would be a stupid, loud-mouthed, boastful drunkard, and in my frequent cups feed the Austrians accurate but unimportant information which they would pass on to Auer. I had read about that in books, and I didn't think it had a prayer of succeeding. But I couldn't think of anything else.

A few days later I met the Austrians again. "Do you suppose we might do some business?" Freddy inquired. "It's not money we want. It's the Germans' hides."

When I somewhat hesitatingly presented my scheme to them, they were delighted. The *Herr General* had a very poor opinion of Americans anyway, they said. Auer not only believed them but opened a bottle of champagne at his luxurious villa when they reported their valuable new acquisition. "Ja. All fools, these Americans," said the General. "Make them drunk, and they talk."

Auer's first demands for information were easy. The General was apparently trying me out in small things first.

Then one day the two were unusually concerned. The *Herr General* had suddenly become very excited the night before. "You Austrian pigs," he had shouted. "You don't know this American at all. You have been stealing my money." Freddy and Walter had hurriedly tried to assure him that they really did know the Ameri-

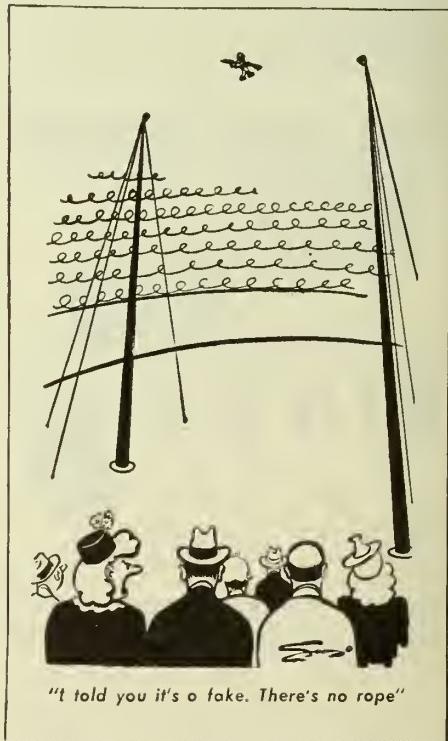
can very well. "Then prove it, and soon, or I'll teach you what it means to cheat a German general."

I saw my carefully constructed plan tottering. Auer was suspicious. He would turn his counter-intelligence people loose on us, and our whole espionage operation—which had gone along with surprising lack of interference from the Germans up to now—would be jeopardized. Then, suddenly, the light dawned. Why, tell the General that if he wants to see what good friends we are, he should come to that black market restaurant overlooking the sea tomorrow night and watch us having dinner together.

"I'll put on a show that will convince him," I added.

The color shot back into the Austrians' faces. "And the General will pay for the dinner," said Walter gravely.

I shall never forget that night. All of us equally jittery, we were just starting on our black market steaks when the gaunt, blonde unofficial ruler of French North Africa, flanked by the key members of the German Armistice Commission, stalked in and took places at a nearby table. I kept feeling the General's stare right in the back of my neck. And then I got pretty fried. I thought that that was the best way of letting myself go. I banged on the table, told some indiscreet stories about the State Department, shouted for more wine, argued with the waiter, kept clapping Walter and Freddy on the back, levelled an occasional belligerent glance at the Germans, and mentally held my breath. Gradually, the Austrians began to relax, "Very good," Walter murmured. "The *Herr General* is pleased. I know the signs. He is relaxing. He is impressed."





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To clinch it, we parked outside the German Consulate afterward, and sang rauously.

The next day, Freddy presented the General with a bill of several thousand francs for our dinner. Auer beamed with pleasure as he handed over the money, with a substantial bonus. "Sehr gut, mein Junge," he laughed. "Now you find out important things for me about the Americans from that fool."

I could hardly believe my good luck. The General now began to invite the Austrians to all his lavish parties. They heard much conversation exchanged on subjects that interested us deeply. The German Army's chemists were working on the mass production of a new gas. The campaign in Russia had Berlin very worried. The High Command had given up the idea of invading French Africa through Spain. Every night we sent out these bits of information by radio and pouch.

I kept hinting to Freddy and Walter periodically that an American invasion was being set up. By July, Auer was obviously pretty worried. And one day the Austrians reported excitedly that the *Herr General* had ordered them to devote themselves entirely to finding out when and where the Americans would strike. I took a long breath, and said: "Tell Auer that the invasion plan is definitely settled. We will be landing at Dakar late this autumn."

Then I spent the worst and most sleepless night of my life. Would Auer fall for it? Had Freddy and Walter been planted by Auer to play the game on me that I wanted to play on him?

Next morning the Austrians were jubilant. The *Herr General* had shouted with delight, "We'll catch the American swine. They'll walk into a trap. This news must go at once to the High Command!" He had pushed buttons and shouted for aides. And a long message had gone off to the High Command at Wiesbaden. Then champagne had been broken out and innumerable toasts drunk, to Hitler, the glory of German arms, to Auer's "stauch Austrian friends," and even to "the stupid American." Freddy and Walter had been rewarded with a large sum of money, and, quite intoxicated, had finally departed amidst elaborate hand shaking and *heils*. My part of the Plan was set.

Several months later, I had the thrill of my life. I had landed on D-Day on the beach at Oran—1900 miles from Dakar. *Operation Torch* had overwhelmed French North Africa with few shots fired, not a single ship of our huge armada sunk en route. Proceeding with the initial force to Tafaroui airfield, where 600 French Naval Air Force prisoners were taken, I was instructed to contact the Vichyite commanding officer. His face got very red when I approached him. He pointed an accusing finger at me. "Why are you here?" he exploded. "We were expecting you at Dakar!"

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PARTING SHOTS

Buddy

SAM, the bombardier in my group, was a character. He was a lone wolf from New Hampshire who kept things to himself. He wouldn't even share his experiences with his home folks, for he never wrote a letter. Still, he'd get sore if he didn't hear regularly from his large family.

He was also quite a gambler, and his winnings were frequent and heavy. Not that he ever shared them, but then he had no buddies. I was therefore surprised when he called me aside just before a long mission on which he was to fly but I wasn't. He told me I was his only friend and asked me if I'd take care of \$500 for him. If he didn't come back I was to send half the money to his mother and keep the other half myself. I was surprised and pleased at his trust in me.

The mission was a tough one, to Berlin, but finally Sam came back. He walked into the barracks in his same sullen manner, not speaking to anyone. I handed him his \$500, which he slowly counted. Satisfied that it was all there, he reached into the pocket of his flying suit. Wordlessly, he handed me a chronograph watch worth \$150. It was my watch, which he had taken along on the mission as security - without saying a word to me.—*By Gene Telpner*

Barter Banter

JUST before boarding the boat for home, I was walking down one of the bomb-flattened streets of Southampton, England, when a little ruddy-faced lad of about

eleven approached me with the question so well known to every GI in Europe.

"Got any gum, chum?"

Thinking to squelch the youngster, I quipped, "Have you any candy, Andy?" "Nope," replied the moppet, "but I've got a sister, mister!"—*By Gene Telpner*

Long May They Wave

The Navy is considering keeping the Waves as a permanent part of the regular peacetime establishment.—*News item*.

It's not very hard to get used to the fact
That the Waves will endure, will remain quite intact,
For the notion's not new in this land of the brave
Of that great institution—the permanent Wave!

—Richard Armour



This Logical World

Robert Kuhn placed this advertisement in the Portland (Oregon) *Journal*: "Veteran, wife, 10 dogs, three female cats, alligator, desire small furnished apartment. We drink, smoke, stay up all night beating kettle-drums." He got a couple of dozen offers—*By Harold Helper*

Early to Bid, Early to Raise

It doesn't take a bridge expert
To find, with much chagrin,
That he who bids a little slam
Must take it on the shin.

—ed graham jr.

Convention Delegate

How doth the busy delegate
Improve each shining hour,
And manages to celebrate
His promissory power?
Shirt-sleeved, he takes a handkerchief
And mops his steaming brow,
Parades with placard in the air—
O paradise enow!
The smoke-filled rooms he doesn't see,
Nor knows the secret deals,
But nods his head and casts his vote
The way the chairman feels.
And then when there's a ticket named
A glow will dominate him,
He'll cheer the Candidate, and think
He helped to nominate him!

—Dow Richardson

Phayma Speeple

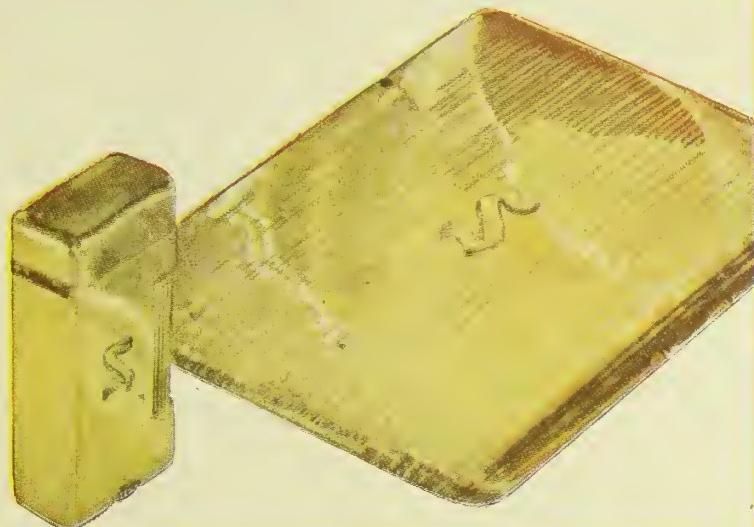
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